

BY THE SAME AUTHOR.

YOUTH'S NOBLE PATH :

A VOLUME OF MORAL INSTRUCTION DESIGNED FOR
THE USE OF THE CHILDREN, PARENTS, AND
TEACHERS, AND MAINLY BASED ON EASTERN
TRADITION, POETRY, AND HISTORY.

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OUR EMPIRE

A BOOKLET FOR TEACHERS, PARENTS, AND
YOUNG PEOPLE

CONTAINING GEOGRAPHICAL AND HISTORICAL
NOTES ILLUSTRATING THE DUTIES OF CITIZEN-
SHIP IN THE BRITISH EMPIRE

BY

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"YOUTH'S NOBLE PATH," ETC.

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PREFACE.

THE title of this Empire Booklet indicates that its appeal is made to a variety of readers and listeners. Much of the material here gathered will, it is hoped, have a direct interest for young people. Some of the pages, on the other hand, are better suited for the use of parents and teachers, who may convey these more advanced ideas in simpler language. The Booklet, therefore, should be considered as a miscellaneous store whence each may draw as taste and occasion prompt. But through all the notes and data, and the biographical and historical illustrations there runs the interconnecting thought of a great responsibility, of civic duty and courage, and of broad and generous sympathy. The Booklet is so framed as to be acceptable to parents, teachers, and children in any part of the Empire ; to both sexes ; and to readers among all the many races who live under the protection of the Union Jack. It is unnecessary to state the difficulties which beset so broad a basis ; but it ought not to be necessary to urge that a narrower basis is unworthy

of the ideal of a grand co-operation in service of the general good.

In the course of an excellent and judicious circular, issued over the signature of Mr. R. Blair, by the London County Council on the subject of Empire Day celebrations, it is observed :—

Children will not celebrate Empire day appropriately if they think of Empire as nothing but a name. A ritual without significance is mere superstition, the whole point of a celebration being that it should emphasize the meaning of what it celebrates. Without some preliminary instruction the children may fall into the error of regarding their singing and marching as part of a mysterious and irrelevant game. Such a misconception must be prevented. It is suggested, therefore, that certain of the lessons in reading, history, and geography during the previous week should be given a definite bias, and should tell, in various ways to suit the varying capacity of the classes, the story of our Empire's rise and growth.

Mr. Blair wisely alludes to a difficult problem as follows :—

We must guard against the view that coloured races exist in order that they may be ruled by whites. Children are only too ready to conceive of our connexion with these races as a relation of proprietorship somewhat after the model of Crusoe and Friday. They should understand that Great Britain rules in such states not as a master over servants, but as a friend and experienced adviser.

The circular advises that on the morning of 24th May, the head master or head mistress should address the assembled school, explaining the origin of Empire Day and its significance, giving a historical explanation

of the Union Jack, and recounting briefly the main points of the previous lessons.¹

At the Imperial Conference of Teachers' Associations, July, 1912, Lord Selborne, one of the founders of the Union of South Africa, spoke on methods of teaching history to children. He said :—

The children of this country and of the dominions were the future voters of the Empire and the mothers of the future voters. There had never been in the world a task so difficult as that facing the Anglo-Saxon democracies. It would not be settled till many years after we had passed away, but nobody knew yet whether democracy was going to be able to fulfil its task. The problem of the ancient democracies was simplicity itself compared with the problem of the modern democracies. Not only was civilization far more complex, but the maintenance of the Empire and the fulfilment of its responsibility—the keynote of their teaching about the Empire ought to be responsibility—were burdens far greater than any democracy had yet had to bear. Therefore on the teachers fell the tremendous opportunity and responsibility of trying to train up the democracy of the

¹ The English flag, before the year 1606, carried the red St. George's cross on a white ground, St. George being the patron saint of the country, and the hero of such legends as that of the Dragon, represented on our coinage. The Scottish flag showed the white diagonal St. Andrew's cross on a blue ground, the cross being the instrument of his martyrdom, and Andrew being the patron saint of Scotland. The St. George's and St. Andrew's designs were combined when England and Scotland were united early in the seventeenth century. The Irish flag displays a red diagonal cross on a white ground. This is the cross of St. Patrick, patron saint of Ireland, whose day is celebrated on 17th March. The Union Jack took its final form in 1801, the three emblems being combined in token of the union of Great Britain and Ireland.

Empire to be fit, morally first, physically and intellectually afterwards, to carry the burdens.

On the close, and often subtle connexions between communities and nations, Lord Selborne remarked :—

There was no such thing as isolation of the individual. There might have been a time when such isolation was possible. He could imagine a family in England during the Wars of the Roses which never was affected in even the remotest degree by those wars. That was not possible now. He would give an example how it would be easy to make the child understand from the recent coal strike. There was not one single family in this country not affected by that strike. What an opportunity to impress the child ! The father living hundreds of miles from a coalfield, having nothing to do with coal-getting, yet put out of work, with all the distress that came to the family. Although many families were not put out of work, yet there was not one where some little luxury had not to give way, and many where children saw wood burnt for the first time. The next step was to show that the nation could never be isolated. There was a very striking case in point in South Africa. There he had many friends among the Boer farmers who had never had any opportunity of education. The time came there when there were great disasters and many men were thrown out of work. Many farmers suddenly found that the market to which they had been accustomed to look for the regular sale of their goods disappeared and they suffered great privations. The great Cape Colony actually had a financial deficit. Railways ceased to pay. There had to be the most rigid economy throughout the Civil Service, and fresh taxation had to be imposed. Hardly a white family was not in some way or other affected. By what ? The temporary closing down of the diamond mines. They ceased to work. Why ? Because there was a financial crisis in the United States. Two-thirds of the diamonds were bought in America. The moment there was a financial crisis in America they ceased to buy diamonds. Every family in South Africa suffered. That

was the kind of opportunity always presenting itself to help them to teach the child how complex was modern civilization, and that his nation, be he Canadian or Scot, was not isolated, and could never again be isolated in the world.

They could show the child (he proceeded)—

How the Empire presented a unique opportunity for that responsibility which was far higher and more important than material strength, that to our democracies had been given the opportunity to fulfil the responsibility to India and her ancient civilizations, and to the far different and far more backward peoples for whom we were responsible in Africa and elsewhere, nations that would never have a chance of developing the gifts that God had given them except under the directing shadow of the British Empire, and that this democracy of ours had the priceless heritage of being able to give these peoples an uncorrupt and unselfish rule. And when they had so endeavoured to clothe the child with this atmosphere then they would begin direct historical teaching. They must begin from the nation to which the child belonged. But there was no reason why they should omit to let the child understand that there were other nations just as important, just as great as our own, and to whom the respect of every British subject was due. There were certain special difficulties. Take the paper about India. They were told that history as they presented it to the Indian child appeared to the Indian mind essentially false just as Indian conceptions of history appeared to us to be essentially unreal. That was a problem with which the greatest Indian experts might well feel difficulty in dealing. Why not try to put ourselves into the atmosphere of the Indian mind, to clothe real history in the legendary form to which the Indian mind so closely adhered? He hoped everybody there had read "Puck of Pook's Hill".¹ That was substantial history. Then there were the very special cases of the

¹ Rudyard Kipling's "Puck of Pook's Hill" invests the spirit of English history with imaginative forms presented by Puck to Una and Dan in a series of tales.

French in Canada and the Dutch in South Africa. There they had happily incorporated in the Empire the children of two other great European races than our own, and in each case there was necessarily a period after the first contact between ourselves and these people in which it was idle to expect them to take exactly the same view of history. In these cases he thought the history of Holland and the history of France ought to be taught as well as the history of England, that it might lead up to show our fellow-countrymen of Dutch and French extraction that the Empire in the future would offer exactly the same opportunities of heroic and unselfish service as the pages of Dutch and French history were full of, and lead up to this discovery, that their own young nation of South Africa or of Canada had an opportunity of independent development, political and intellectual, as part of the British Empire, which could not be afforded it with equal security by other means. If history was taught on these lines it would not be difficult to eradicate from the minds of their children what he called the cardinal heresy of Colonial teaching—that they belonged to a new country. Except in the most limited and slangy sense, how could they call Australia or Canada or South Africa a new country? The only thing that was new was the connexion between the particular race now inhabiting it and the land. Neither the rocks nor the people were new, and they would learn that they were but a branch of a tree that threw its roots deep down into the loam of European history.

Ample references to authorities are furnished in the foot-notes, but it should be observed that the books named are not, as a rule, quoted verbatim, the object being rather to summarize and present the gist.

F. J. GOULD.

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I. GENERAL VIEW.

"It is intended that the Empire celebration shall be the outward sign of an inner awakening of the peoples who constitute the British Empire to the serious duties which lie at their door."—The EARL OF MEATH, founder of the movement for the observance of Empire-day, 24th May.

It came to the ears of Lord Cromer, the British Agent and Minister in Egypt, that a certain Arab sheikh, or chief, had violently abused the British and their rule in the land of Egypt. Lord Cromer made a point of calling on him to discover the reason. The sheikh spoke in angry tones. How was it, he asked, that he—Mohammed el-Saadat, a descendant of the Prophet—had no water on a large part of his property? He always used to have plenty before the British came on the scene. Now, it turned out that the complaint was true; though, as a matter of fact, the sheikh had managed to get a constant water supply by making his neighbours go short; indeed, they often went without. The British engineers were constructing new waterworks, and it was taking some time to get things in order; people had to wait their turn, whether rich sheikhs or common householders. Why should the rich sheikh be served before a poorer neighbour? In due course, Mohammed

el-Saadat got his full supply; and he was then loud in his praise of British rule.¹ But it is clear that he had not learned that the individual citizen must not expect to be studied before the rest of the city. The individual must wait his turn. He is but a member of a great whole, whether city, country, or Empire. He is a servant of the common good, or commonwealth. In the following pages we shall speak to scholars and teachers, parents and elders, about this membership and service of the British Empire.

The Empire embraces huge areas like India, and tiny rocky islands in the Pacific Ocean, useful as stations for telegraph-cables. It covers about one-fifth part of the land surface of the globe.

The population of the Empire is about one-quarter or one-fifth of the population of the world. It includes white people, brown, red, yellow, and black; English, Welsh, Scots, Irish, Manx, French Canadians, Indians, Cingalese of Ceylon, Malays, Chinese, Dyaks, Negroes, Hottentots, Bantus (that is, Kaffirs, Zulus, etc., of South Africa), Australian "blackfellows," Maories of New Zealand, American Indians, Jews. One person in every seven or eight of the Empire population is white.

If we follow the road of the sun from the Pacific Ocean, many and various are the peoples we shall behold in the grand commonwealth of the Union Jack. We look down upon the brown inhabitants of

¹ Lord Cromer's "Modern Egypt," Vol. II, pp. 177-8.

Fiji, and the lakes, forests, and snow-capped peaks of New Zealand. We salute the farmers, shearers, miners, and fruit-growers of Australia, the Chinese of Hong-Kong, the Dyaks of Borneo, the Malays of many coasts and islands. We gaze upon the swarming millions of Burma and India, and upon their marvellous temples and ancient cities. We observe the vast plains and tablelands of East and South Africa; and while, to the left of our course, we descry the pasture-lands and plantations of Nigeria, we glance to the right and greet the "blessed realm" of England, the noble hills of Scotland, the soft green valleys and the ancient round towers of Ireland. Onward we travel with the radiant sun, who rises on the fishermen's vessels in the bays of Newfoundland, and on the banana groves of Jamaica, and the cotton fields of Guiana. And the end of our journey carries us past the rich wheat-fields of Canada, the soaring heights of the Rocky Mountains, and so once again to the vast world of waters that rolls upon the beaches of America, and thunders on the borders of Asia. Take the map and see all these wonders, and the map becomes a message, a song, a poem, a vision.

The Empire consists of the United Kingdom; the Over-sea Dominions (that is, Canada, Newfoundland, the Union of South Africa, the Commonwealth of Australia, and New Zealand); the Crown Colonies, which are governed by councils partly elected sometimes, or entirely nominated by the Crown; and Protectorates (such as Nigeria) where the people are

merely subjects.¹ It is not now the custom to speak of Canada, New Zealand, etc., as colonies. We refer to them as the Over-sea Dominions, and the Canadians, for example, regard themselves as the Canadian nation. India has a place of its own; it is ruled by the King of England acting as the Emperor of India. Of no part of our commonwealth should we speak with more respect than India, whose people began their civilization more than four thousand years ago. She is like a mother among the Imperial nations.

The English, Scots, and Irish have found their way to all quarters of the world. Their blood is mixed with that of millions in the United States. But of late years, a remarkable increase has taken place in the stream of population to the Over-sea Dominions. To British North America, 7121 persons sailed as colonists in 1901; in 1911 the emigrants were 134,784, nearly twenty times as many. To Australia and New Zealand went 6570 in 1901; but in 1911 the flow of folk was 65,758, ten times as many.

Note two striking groups of facts, marking the oneness of the commonwealth:—

1. The royal visits to various parts of the Empire.

Prince Albert Edward, afterwards Edward VII, visited Canada and India. The King-Emperor, George V, with the Queen-Empress Mary, were welcomed by India in the winter of 1911-12; and they had previously (1901) made a tour of the Empire.

¹ Sir C. Bruce's "Broad Stone of Empire" gives a full classification, Vol. I, ch. VIII.

An interesting historical comparison may be made with the emperors of Rome, Trajan and Hadrian, in the second century. Trajan habitually walked about the city of Rome unattended, and, at the head of his army, he marched to Transylvanian forests and mountains, and as far as the mud-flats by the Persian Gulf. Hadrian followed his example, and it is recorded of him that, "on foot and bareheaded, he might be seen traversing every province of his Empire, seeing with his own eyes its state and wants, and with a liberal hand supplying those wants".¹ •

The modern British sovereigns and princes make their journeys under different conditions. When King George and Queen Mary were acclaimed by the Indian people at Bombay in December, 1911, they sat in a pavilion, over which flew a wonderful group of flags—those of England, Ireland, Scotland, Wales, India (the lotus and the Star of India), Canada, New Zealand, Australia, Africa, and the St. George's Cross and the Union Jack.

2. Conferences of statesmen.

The chief officers of state (Prime Ministers, etc.) from the various Dominions and Crown Colonies assemble in London at the Imperial Conferences held every few years, and discuss affairs of trade, law, nationalization, public health, communications, etc. In London, in July, 1912, for the first time in Imperial history, the seat of Government of one of the

¹ Frederic Harrison's "New Calendar of Great Men".

Over-sea Dominions was practically transferred. The Prime Minister of Canada (Mr. R. L. Borden), and seven other members of the Canadian ministry, were visiting England to consult with the central government on the navy, cables, emigration, etc., and thus there were enough members of the Dominion Government to hold a Cabinet Council in London.

II. INDUSTRY AND PEACE.

THE Imperial Institute at South Kensington is crowded with beautiful and useful objects, pictures, etc., from all corners of the Empire. It is open any day to the view of the scholars, teachers, and all other citizens. Here one sees, as in a great looking-glass, the riches of widespread regions. Of these we can name only a few: From New South Wales, polished timber and blocks of coal; from Victoria, gold and fruit; from South Australia, wheat and peaches; from Queensland, timber, sugar, and wool; from West Australia, much gold and wool, and mother-of-pearl; from Tasmania, building-stone and sparkling lead ore. Many are the photographs of armies of sheep, and troops of stalwart sheep-shearers, wool-sorters, etc. From New Zealand, wool, gold, copper, and the amber-coloured gum of the Kauri pine. From Canada, wheat, fruit, lead, granite, nickel, asbestos, gleaming mica. It is worth while to examine the painting of a red-coated mounted policeman talking to a ploughman who represents daily labour on the Canadian prairies, the policeman representing the spirit of order and protection. From South Africa, wool, ostrich-feathers, ivory. It is not possible to recount all the treasures of Fiji, Jamaica, and

other islands over which floats the red, white, and blue banner.

From India we see huge silk-moths, seven or eight inches across, and the lovely silk robes which Indian industry weaves from the cocoons; twists of yellow jute fibre, piles of wool, cases of tea, countless seeds for food and medicine, oil and gum and glistening lac, lumps of opium (though this product calls up thoughts of much evil done by opium-smoking), blocks of indigo, sheets of mica, timber from the vast forests, various sorts of leather. And there are pictures of the soldiers of industry—workers in tea-plantations, workers in silk factories, workers in jute factories, and so on. If we wandered into certain quiet rooms of the Institute, we should come upon men of science closely searching into the qualities of substances sent to them from various parts of the Empire, and deciding whether they are good for human use or not.

The British Government constructs railways in remote places, such as Uganda and West Africa, where the natives would never dream of constructing railways themselves. In 1898 there was not a mile of rail open to traffic in West Africa; but, within five years, 500 miles had been laid on the Gold Coast, in Nigeria, and in Sierra Leone. These railroads were carried through dense forests, where malaria threatened the lives of the workmen, and where heavy rainfall made the labour more difficult.¹

¹ Sir C. Bruce's "True Temper of Empire," p. 43.

Messages of business, of news, and of friendship travel by the Imperial Penny Post across the continents and seas, and Sir Henniker Heaton is urging the great commonwealth to adopt the penny-a-word telegram for the Empire at large. In 1887 Sir (then Mr.) H. Heaton spoke at a London meeting in favour of making a cable from the Cape of Good Hope to Australia. Sir James Anderson listened in doubt, and rose up to express the doubt. "There is some talk," he said, "of taking a cable from Australia to Mauritius across the route of the Trade Winds to the Cape. But there is not even a sandbank on which to catch fish. There is not a port to which a cruiser or cable-ship can go to replenish their supply of coal. There are no ships going there. There is no trade, and nobody wants to go there." But, fourteen years later, a cable was laid under the waters by an All-red Route from Durban to Mauritius, and from Mauritius to Australia. Faith and energy had laid those hundreds of miles of under-sea wire. And on the opening day messages of triumph poured in to the cable-layers from all parts of the Empire.¹ Such a conquest of difficulties reminds one of the story told by the Sailors' Friend, Miss Agnes Weston:—

An old captain whom I knew well was discussing an evolution with his first lieutenant.

"It's impossible, sir," said the junior officer.

"Impossible?" cried the captain, somewhat choleric, "reach down my dictionary, sir, and turn to the word 'impossible'." He looked, and then said, "It isn't in your dictionary; it's ruled out

¹ Sir C. Bruce's "True Temper of Empire," pp. 45-7.

with red ink". "No, sir," said the captain, "it's not in the dictionary, or in the dictionary of any naval officer; such a word is not used in the navy."

No; nor should it be used by any man or woman who sees a way to make the great commonwealth more healthy, more strong, more noble, and more useful to the rest of the nations.

There is a grand garden, in the very heart of the Empire, where captains of forests and plantations are educated. It is at Kew, on the Thames, near London. In 1911 there were 160 men, trained in forest lore and botany at Kew Gardens, who were serving the Empire at botanical stations in Asia, America, and Australia. At Kew the men of science study which plants are best suited to the different parts of the British Empire, and from Kew are sent out seeds and plants to lands afar.¹

The wit and skill of scientific men are at work to lessen and stamp out disease, not only in Great Britain, but in the tropics; such diseases, for instance, as the sleeping sickness, due to the tse-tse fly, and yellow fever and malaria, due to the bite of the mosquitoes. The mosquito lays its eggs in stagnant pools, dirty vessels, tubs, tins, etc., and since Sir Ronald Ross discovered the cause of malaria in the mosquito's deadly bite, immense labour has been given to the clearing of drains, houses, etc., and the killing of the mosquito in the early stages of its growth. Even children can help. Sir Rubert W. Boyce, a professor

¹ Sir C. Bruce's "True Temper of Empire," pp. 36-9.

from Liverpool University, visited the island of Antigua in 1904, and found that school-children had formed "Clean-up Guilds". Girls and boys gathered rubbish, old pots and tins, and the like, in heaps at the roadside, ready for the sanitary carts, thus assisting in the war of health and life against disease and death. At London and at Liverpool there are schools of tropical diseases. These two schools are like noble arsenals, where instruments of life and health are forged for the welfare of the rich lands on either side of the equator. Keen minds study here the best methods of fighting malaria, yellow fever, and the plague. The Liverpool School sent out its messenger of help to Australia when one of its professors took charge of the Tropical Diseases Institute in Queensland.

The mind needs health as well as the body, and thought is trained to sound action in the class rooms of the Universities of Oxford, Cambridge, Melbourne, and the rest. The teachers of these homes of learning must meet from time to time, and talk of their work and their hopes. In July, 1912, fifty-three universities in all parts of the Empire sent men and women as their representatives to consult together in London. Schools are the glory of a nation. When the Prime Minister of Canada spoke in London in 1912, he spoke with pride of Canadian Schools:—

Let him tell them what was taking place in that part of the country which was showing the most rapid development, the West. Let them go into any little western town, occupying a site which per-

haps only two years ago was savage and unbroken territory. They would find there that the largest, most handsome, and conspicuous building was the schoolhouse, and they would find that the boy who made the best record in his class was the boy who was selected to hoist the Union Jack.

That Union Jack should be the symbol of order, progress, and peace.

Sons and daughters of the Empire! work for peace on earth.

Ring out old shapes of foul disease;
Ring out the narrowing lust of gold,
Ring out the thousand wars of gold;
Ring in the thousand years of peace.

The year 1912 completes a century, during which no armed force has crossed the long, long frontier between Canada and the United States of America. This splendid period in the history of the two great peoples is an example to the world of the blessing of international peace.

At a banquet held in London, 1912, a large company of foreign consuls assembled, their faces recalling the countries whence they came, and whose interests they served; and with these agents of foreign lands had gathered, as guests, a number of British citizens. The Consul-General for the United States said that consuls were "missionaries of peace, realizing that no nation could live unto itself alone, that the period of selfish isolation was past, that they rejoiced and sorrowed together, and that the prosperity of any nation was dependent on the prosperity of all the nations". Sir George Reid, High Com-

missioner for Australia, spoke of the way in which the British Empire had linked many nations in one whole, and he added : "The successive federations of the last hundred or hundred and fifty years, in bringing together so many nationalities in a firm bond of union, had greatly hastened the dawn of an everlasting peace". Sir L. Gomme, clerk to the London County Council, said the meeting of foreign consuls in friendly spirit in London was a small International Parliament. The Consul-General for Greece referred to the loss of the Titanic liner in the Atlantic, and thought "the British had every reason to be proud of their compatriots ; and in years to come the memory of the discipline, the self-sacrifice, and the heroism of both passengers and crews would be one of their highest and most cherished heirlooms".¹

¹ The same praise was deserved by the Americans on board the "Titanic".

III. WOMEN OF THE EMPIRE.

THE women of the great commonwealth have taken their noble share in its upbuilding.

When Queen Mary (then Princess of Wales) visited Bombay in 1901, she replied to an address from ladies:—

One of my chief objects in this tour is to see as much as possible of my Indian sisters; for I believe the more I see of the reality of your lives the more I shall admire and esteem the high qualities for which the Indian woman is renowned.

Poetry and history tell of the high spirit and devotion of Indian women. One of the most touching of all legends is that of the Lady Savitri, who was with her husband when he died in the jungle, and who saw the shadowy figure of Yama, the Lord of Death, take her husband's soul away; and she followed Death, and would not let him go till she had gained back her husband's soul.¹ Nor should generous British people withhold a word of respect for such heroines as the Rani of Jhansi. This princess, who thought she had been injured by the British Government, placed herself at the head of her army, and fell fighting against the British troops. This energy of Indian womanhood will serve our great commonwealth for peace and progress, when education has taught Indian girls the rich meaning

¹ The full story is told in Gould's "Divine Archer".

of citizenship. This energy thrills alike in the women of India, of Britain, and all the dominions; in the wives, sisters, and daughters of the industrious workers of the Motherland: in the women who go out to the over-sea countries, to cities, to lonely farm-houses, to log-cabins in forest clearings; and when we come to speak of Australia, we shall hear a poet recite the praise of the women of the solitary homes on the frontier.

But our present purpose is to name a few women who have worked for the public good beyond the borders of their own birth-land.

Born on a Northamptonshire farm, Caroline Jones was an active and warm-hearted girl. Hearing the tale of an old soldier's travels in Australia, she longed to set foot in that remote continent, and her dream was realized. She married Captain Chisholm, who was an officer in the service of the East India Company, and they were settled for a time in Madras. Mrs. Chisholm saw, with pitying eyes, the lonely condition of orphan girls—daughters of British soldiers—and other young women in that city; and she established a school of industry, where these daughters of Britain might be sheltered and taught useful occupations. In 1838 Mr. and Mrs. Chisholm sailed to Australia. As soon as they landed at the magnificent port of Sydney, Caroline Chisholm's quick glance fell upon a party of forlorn Scottish Highland folk, who seemed to wish they had never emigrated from their native glens. She lent them money to buy tools and wheel-barrows, with which to carry on a firewood

trade. Destitute girls in the streets found a sure friend in her; and nine of them were presently housed under her roof. She was an earnest Catholic. One day she knelt in church, and vowed that she would get a home for women built. Sir George Gibbs, governor of New South Wales, gave her a wooden building which had belonged to the Government. She cleaned it, not fearing the rats that sprang from dusty recesses; and soon she had given protection to ninety-four young emigrant women. People came forward with money to assist her good object. Often she would journey on horseback into the bush—the wide plains scarcely touched by settlers and pioneers—trying to find homes and employment for fresh emigrants. Once she journeyed in a covered van, and stopped at cottages and farmhouses, taking down from the lips of the people the story of their hardships in emigrant ships on the way from England to Australia. The facts she thus collected she told again in London before a committee of the House of Lords; and, owing to her persevering efforts, the treatment of emigrants was much improved. In 1854 she returned to Sydney, and for twelve years longer continued to act as a mother to the streams of poor families who landed on the Australian shore. She returned to England in 1866, died in London in 1877, and was buried at Northampton; and history knows her as “The Emigrants’ Friend”.¹

¹ “Dictionary of National Biography”; and there is a chapter about Mrs. Chisholm in Gould’s “Brave Citizens”.

Mary Carpenter, born at Exeter, 1807, studied hard as a pupil in her father's school, assisted him to teach, taught as a governess in families, taught a girls' school, and taught in a Sunday school. She gave this gift of teaching to the service of poor children in England, and of the people of India. Having worked for many years in aid of neglected children, industrial schools, etc., she visited India in 1866, and also three times later, and taught Indian girls; for she felt that the women of India, noble as their qualities were, would be so much the more useful to home and country if they were better educated. She also travelled in America, and drew attention to the need for improving Canadian prisons. She died in 1877, and was buried in Arno's Vale Cemetery, Bristol; and her funeral was attended by many mourners, including two Hindu boys whose education she had been superintending.¹

Florence Nightingale, the daughter of parents from Derbyshire, was born near the city of Florence (hence her name) in Italy, May, 1820. Years afterwards, at a dinner given to officers who had served in the Crimean War, each guest wrote on a paper the name of the person who, in his opinion, would be best remembered in connexion with the war. The papers were passed round, and each bore the name of Florence Nightingale, the leader of the nurses who brought order and comfort to the hospitals for sick and wounded British soldiers at Scutari on the Bosphorus, and in the Crimea. She had learned the art

¹ "Dictionary of National Biography."

of nursing at a German institution for deaconesses at Kaiserwerth on the Rhine. Clad in blue cotton gowns and muslin caps, the deaconesses learned to cook, sew, iron, and scrub, as well as to wait upon the sick. After the battle of the Alma, 1854, when the hospitals were in confusion, Miss Nightingale and her band of helpers went out to organize the nursing work. At night she would go round the wards, lamp in hand, to see that "All's well," and the American poet Longfellow has given the world a picture of "The Lady of the Lamp". "We could kiss her shadow as it fell," related a soldier afterwards, "and lay our heads on the pillow again content." Hard thinking and constant toil it all needed, as well as kindness of heart; and Florence has also been called "The Lady with the Brain". The carriage in which she was driven through snow and darkness to the camp hospitals in the Crimea is now preserved at Lea Hurst, Derbyshire. She founded the Nightingale Training School for Nurses at St. Thomas' Hospital in 1860. In her later years, the "Queen of Nurses" was always watching for opportunities to advise people on matters of health, fresh air, pure water, clean earth; and her good counsels touched even the subject of far-away Indian villages, and their need of sanitation. She died in 1910, her name being enrolled as "A Lady of Grace," and on the register of the "Order of Merit"—O.M.¹

In the Lady Chapel of Liverpool Cathedral the stained windows contain the figures of saintly women

¹ Sarah A. Tooley's "Life of Florence Nightingale".

of the Bible and of English history. One of these women is Mother Cecile. Born at Uxbridge in 1862, she went out in 1883 to Grahamstown, South Africa, and for twenty-three years laboured unweariedly for women and girls—in an orphanage, an industrial school for native girls, and a training college for teachers. She won the confidence of all—Dutch, British, and natives. Her death took place in 1905. Another woman whom a window recalls to memory is Dr. Alice Marval, whose name is linked with that of the famous Indian city of Cawnpore, on the Ganges. She worked in a women's hospital in which all officers were women. When the plague overshadowed the homes of Cawnpore, Alice Marval seemed never tired of helping the sufferers. During the last month of her life she paid 246 visits to patients in the city. She was herself carried off by the plague in January, 1904.¹

And to-day women are making their Imperial mark. For example, Miss Agnes Slack has travelled, in the cause of temperance, in Canada, Australia, New Zealand, South Africa, and India, everywhere calling to her fellow-citizens to fight the alcohol peril. Lady Aberdeen, a daughter of Scotland, has been helpmeet to her husband when he was Lord-Lieutenant of Ireland, and Governor-General of Canada. While in Canada she founded the National Council of Women of Canada, and the Victorian Order of Nurses.

¹ From "Notes on the Windows in the Lady Chapel of Liverpool Cathedral," published by the Cathedral Committee.

IV. MEN OF THE EMPIRE.

JAMES COOK, son of a farm labourer, was born in a Yorkshire village, 1728. After working in the fields he served behind a shop-counter, and ran away to sea at the age of fourteen. From the merchant service he passed to the Royal Navy, and made excellent maps of the coast of Newfoundland. In a "cat-built ship" (a ship with bluff, round bows) he and his friends, Banks and Solander, and a crew of about one hundred, sailed to a Pacific island to watch the planet Venus cross the face of the sun; and then Cook sailed round the two isles of New Zealand, and to Botany Bay, and along by the great Barrier Reef, and past New Guinea and so home. A second voyage took him to the South Polar ice; and a third to the Cape, and Tasmania, and New Zealand, and the northern ice, and then southwards to Hawaii. There a dispute took place with the natives, and as Captain Cook was raising his hand to bid his men stop firing, a native stabbed him in the back, and he died, 4 February, 1779. By careful management of food and drink, he succeeded in keeping down the disease of scurvy, then so fatal to sailors. In 1779 there was a war between France and England, but the French Government had given orders that no French shot should be fired at the peaceable vessels commanded

by Cook, for he was "a benefactor of every nation". He was one of England's noblest sons. As a public servant, he was an example of courage, prudence, and perseverance. He revealed to mankind more of our planet than any traveller had before done; and he performed the work without violence towards the natives of the strange lands he explored, and in the spirit of friendship to all. His painstaking observation was wonderful, and a model to all workers. He once said he was prouder of having preserved the health of his crew than of the fame of his discoveries. His name is attached to Mount Cook in New Zealand, Cook Strait between the northern and southern parts of New Zealand, Cooktown in Queensland, where he beached his ships in 1770, and Cook Islands, in the Pacific Ocean.¹

David Livingstone, born at Blantyre near Glasgow, in 1813, worked as a boy in a cotton factory, studied Latin, botany, and geology after work hours, was trained in medicine, walked the hospitals in London, and went out as a missionary to South Africa in 1841. The rest of his life was spent chiefly in Africa, doing good to the coloured natives by his gentle teaching and his manly example, and by instructing them in carpentry, gardening, irrigation, etc. He was ever friendly with the Africans, and never lifted his hand against any except in self-defence, and that was seldom. 'He was always careful,' we are told, "to maintain personal neatness and cleanliness, and considered that any other appearance lowered a man in

¹ "Dictionary of National Biography," etc.

the eyes of savages." The slave-trade he "hated with a perfect hatred," and he never tired of speaking against it. He was wounded badly by a lion; he bore fever and hunger, loneliness and discomfort. Deep was his grief when he buried his dear wife (daughter of Dr. Moffat) under a baobab tree, April, 1862. Livingstone was H.M. Consul at Zanzibar after 1857. He discovered the magnificent Victoria Falls of the Zambesi River, and, in his later years, he was still searching for the sources of the Nile. His last journeys were through swamps and amid the torments of mosquitoes and stinging ants. In April, 1873, in a far-off spot in Central Africa, Livingstone knelt at his bedside in a rude hut, and the brave heart beat no more. His faithful African servants brought his body to Zanzibar; he now lies buried in Westminster Abbey; and every day of the year the thoughts of pilgrims to the Abbey are uplifted as they stand by the grave of this noble Scot.

George Grey, a British soldier's son, was born at Lisbon during the Peninsular War, 1812. He entered the army and sailed in the "Beagle" (the same ship that had carried Charles Darwin round the world on his Naturalist's voyage) to West Australia in 1837. Once, when attacked by red-painted Australian "blackfellows," he shot one; and this was the only life he ever took. Himself an explorer, he knew how to admire other brave men; and, when praising Captain Sturt, he said, "Australia owes to Sturt a greater debt, perhaps, than to any other of her ex-

Grey both encouraged the white farmers and set up schools for the black natives. When Maori rebels cut down the Union Jack in New Zealand, Grey was sent to take charge of that colony, and brought peace after war. Then followed a governorship at Cape Colony, where Grey was ready to shoot lions, to chat with Kaffirs, or to dream of new plans for ruling Africa. Among these plans was the idea of a Union of the colonies; but this was not realized until the year 1909. Twice again he governed New Zealand, once as a governor, and then as Prime Minister. One of his books narrates the charming legends of the Maori people. It was the desire of his heart to see all the lands of the Empire federated in their government, and beyond that also, he wished our Empire and the United States to federate in a league of friendship. This league would teach peace to the whole world, and "the armed camp which burdens the Old World, enslaves the nations, and impedes progress, would disappear". This great-hearted Englishman died September, 1898, and was buried in St. Paul's Cathedral.

Under the Cross of Gold
That shines over city and river,
There he shall rest for ever,
Among the wise and the bold.¹

Having glanced at the careers of a traveller and a governor, we next turn to a hero of science.

Charles Darwin was born in 1809 in the ancient

¹ With this verse Mr. J. Milne closes his interesting biography of Sir George Grey under the title of "The Romance of a Pro-Consul".

town of Shrewsbury, which stands on the stream that wells from old Plinlimmon. At Shrewsbury school he was reproved by the master for being so fond of the science of chemistry! As a student at Cambridge University, he loved to read of the splendid trees and animals of the forests of Brazil, and he searched for rare beetles and he studied flowers. At length he became known as a man learned in the "open secrets" of Nature. As official naturalist, he sailed in the Government brig, the "Beagle" (a ship of 235 tons only), in a voyage round the world, from which he returned in 1836, after an absence of five years. Rocks, animals, plants, coral reefs, savages, and barbarians—he closely observed them all. The "Beagle" touched many shores, and among the Empire places visited was New Zealand. After crossing the vast blue deep of the Pacific, says Darwin:—

It was quite pleasing to behold the English flowers in the gardens before the houses; there were roses of several kinds, honeysuckle, jasmine, stocks, and whole hedges of sweetbriar.

But he rightly felt ashamed, as an Englishman, of the rascality of an English trader who had sold dock-seed as tobacco seed, with the result that the weed was over-running a certain district of New Zealand. Darwin travelled along the coasts of Australia, and landed at various points to inspect the young colony and its productions. When he reached home in England, his thoughts flew back to the land of the Southern Cross, and he wrote:—

Australia is rising, or indeed may be said to have risen, into a grand centre of civilization, which, at some not very remote period,

will rule as empress over the southern hemisphere. It is impossible for an Englishman to behold these distant colonies, without a high pride and satisfaction.¹

Darwin became famous by his books on the species of animals and plants, on the descent of mankind from animal ancestors, on climbing plants, on insect-eating plants, etc. In his gardens at Down, in Kent, he watched the habits of worms, plants, etc., and expressed his discoveries in that careful and exact manner which turns common-sense knowledge into science. Like King Alfred he parcelled out the day into regular times and seasons, so that he might make the most of his powers; for all his life he suffered from weakness of digestion. His manners were simple, bright, and gentle. All the world has learned to honour him for his fine character, and for his grand thoughts on the unfolding of things, or evolution. He died at Down in April, 1882, and was buried in Westminster Abbey.

What manly wills, what unconquerable souls did these men, and many more such sons of the commonwealth, display. Not for themselves did they labour. They lived for others, and Duty was their watchword:—

To Duty only let me kneel,
Her painful circlet on my brow !
To her, my queen, my head shall bow,
Not knowing, but content to feel,
All faint, all fade, all pass, but she
Shines clear for young and aged eyes ;
High as the peaks that kiss the skies,
Profound as the unfathomed sea."

¹ "Naturalist's Voyage," published in 1845.

² Lewis Morris.

V. CANADA AND NEWFOUNDLAND.

THE magic aeroplane bears us across Canada, and from our swift-darting air chariot this is what we see: Five huge blue lakes flashing in the sunlight, and sending the St. Lawrence rolling to the sea; the white flood of Niagara; the Grand Falls of Labrador, plunging 2000 feet down; the vast wheat lands, the rich wheat lands, the unsurpassed wheat lands of Manitoba, Saskatchewan, Alberta; the solemn great cliffs and heights of the Rockies; the fruitful slopes of Columbia; the far north of the lakes and forests; the far north of ice and snow; the far north of the bear, wolf, beaver, and marten. And from the isles of the English, the Scots, and the Irish there come ships laden, heavily-laden with British swarms, and the swarms will make villages, towns, commonwealths.

Now for a backward glance.

John Cabot, a sailor from Venice (the sea-city of Othello and Desdemona), made voyages westwards in 1497-8, and saw the bleak rocks, the polar bears, and ice-floes of Newfoundland and the lands that lay thereabouts. His son Sebastian was, so it is thought, born at Bristol in 1474, and he lived to the great age

of 90, honoured as the chief seaman of his time. His voyages took him to Hudson's Bay in the north, and Brazil in the south of America, and sometimes he was serving the King of Spain, and sometimes the King of England. In 1551 the Company of Merchant Adventurers was formed in London, with Sebastian as first governor; and there is a story of the old sailor, now over 80, taking part in a dance at Gravesend on the occasion of the departure of an English ship for the White Sea and Russia.¹ This is the bright spirit of the true pioneer and citizen.

A Breton sailor, named Jacques Cartier, visited North America between the years 1534 and 1542. The rocky Labrador he passed by as "very likely the land given by God to Cain"; and he sailed up the grand river St. Lawrence (so named by himself). At a spot where the green St. Lawrence mingled with the blue Ottawa, the Red Men had built a circular town, defended by palisades. They received the French traveller with welcomes, and led Cartier to the summit of a hill, whence he viewed a glorious landscape, which wore the gold and crimson colours of autumn. Cartier called the place Royal Mount or Montreal; and a fine city occupies the site to-day. Towards the end of the nineteenth century, a hundred thousand French Canadians assembled at the unveiling of a monument raised in memory of Cartier, and of three Jesuit missionaries.²

¹ "Dictionary of National Biography."

² Bourinot's "Canada," pp. 30-43.

French people settled in Lower Canada. Wealthy and devout French ladies founded convents and hospitals, and did pious service in them, extending their compassion to natives as well as to the French folk. They embraced the little Indian girls, says an old historian, "without taking heed whether they were clean or not". The priests of the Black Robe—the Jesuits—built chapels, furnished them with bells, pictures, and images, and earnestly preached the Christian faith to the natives. Several Jesuit fathers suffered death by torture and tomahawk.¹

On an April day, 1607, twelve sailors took the sacrament in St. Ethelburga's Church, Bishopsgate, London, before setting out on a voyage to the northern seas in the little ship "Hopeful". The captain was Henry Hudson. In this journey he sailed along the frozen waste of Greenland and Spitzbergen. In a later voyage, he touched the shores of the Red Men's Land (now the United States), and pushed many miles up a river which now bears his name; and he was delighted with the verdure and fruitfulness of the banks. Red Indians peacefully greeted the English traveller and his vessel, the "Half Moon". Little did he think that at the mouth of this big stream would one day rise the vast city of New York, guarded by the statue of Liberty, holding a radiant torch over the harbour. In his next enter-

¹ Bourinot's "Canada," pp. 133-43. The story of the Jesuit martyrs is touchingly told by the Rev. S. Baring-Gould in his "Lives of the Saints," volume for July.

prise he sailed to the mighty Canadian bay, which is now called Hudson's in his memory. A quarrel unhappily took place, and the captain, and his son, and seven other men were flung into a shallop, and set adrift on Midsummer Day, 1610; and the little boat floated away into the distance and the silence, and never a word more was known of its fate. One of the eight companions of Hudson was the carpenter, Philip Staffe. He begged to be allowed to share the captain's lot, and so the honest Englishman died with his leader.¹

One of the most remarkable facts in human history is the union of the French and British people in the Dominion of Canada, and the teacher should emphasize the fact, as well as point out the existence of the present cordial understanding between the Empire and France. Leading up to this view of French and British unity, the following points may be noticed:—

Montcalm, a soldier born in the south of France, contested the possession of Canada on the Heights of Abraham at Quebec, against General Wolfe (born in Kent, buried at Greenwich in the same county). Wolfe's victory was gained in a battle (1759) in which both he and Montcalm fell. In 1828 an obelisk was raised as a public memorial to both, and it bore, in Latin, this inscription: "Virtue gave them the same death; history gave them the same glory; and

¹ "Dictionary of National Biography," and "Historians' History," Vol. XXII.

posterity gave them the same monument". Thomas Gray's beautiful "Elegy in a Country Churchyard," became yet more memorable when Wolfe, approaching Quebec by the river the night before the battle, recited to his comrades the lines :—

The boast of Heraldry, the pomp of Power,
And all that Beauty, all that Wealth e'er gave,
Await alike the inevitable hour,
The paths of glory lead but to the grave.

Wonderful is the link that joins the charming church of Stoke Poges, near Windsor (where Gray composed his churchyard poem), and the cliffs of Quebec and the river of St. Lawrence.

In 1838 Lord Durham was sent by the British Government to Canada, which was then disturbed by rebellion, and he and his secretary, Charles Buller, wrote a report which advised that Upper (English) Canada, and Lower Canada (largely peopled by the French) should be joined under one Parliament. This was done; and in 1867 all Canadian lands were combined in one dominion.¹

The Canadians keep the first of July as a festival in memory of this event, and the date is known as Dominion Day.

French Canada is typified by the old church of St. Anne, at the junction of the St. Lawrence and Ottawa, recalling Moore's boat-song :—

Faintly as tolls the evening chime,
Our voices keep tune and our oars keep time;
Soon as the woods on shore look dim,

¹ Bourinot's "Canada," chaps. xviii, xxiv, xxv.

We'll sing at St. Anne's our parting hymn,
 Row, brothers, row, the stream runs fast,
 The rapids are near, and the daylight's past.

And English Canada is typified by the vast farms of the West.

It is of interest to note that Sir John Macdonald, who worked so hard to secure the British North America Act, 1867, creating the Dominion, was born at Glasgow, in Scotland, and was for some years Prime Minister of the new Dominion; while another famous Premier, Sir Wilfrid Laurier, belonged to the French stock, and was born in Quebec province.

In the summer of 1912 a large company of Canadians held a banquet in London, and the Hon. G. E. Foster, Minister of Trade and Commerce for the Dominion, made a speech, which referred to the beginning of the Dominion Government in 1867, and expressed the faith of Canada in her future. Mr. Foster said :—

He believed the feeling of nationality had given to Canadians a sobriety and steadiness, and a greater sense of their responsibility. Forty-five years ago they were a feeble and divided people. To-day they had two gateways, one on the Atlantic, and another opening on the Pacific. Canada was assured that within those gateways the tread of the world was to be heard in the ages that were to come. They were BORN AND CRADLED IN FAITH, and he hoped the nation would not, amid the richness that surrounded it, lose the spiritual eye of faith which looked into the future, for by faith alone could they remain a nation, and only by preparation and organization could they be great and grow greater.

Canadians will say (in the words of Longfellow) to the genius of their land, as the English say to England,

the Indians to India, and as all should say in all fatherlands :—

Our hearts, our hopes, are all with thee ;
Our hearts, our hopes, our prayers, our tears.
Our faith triumphant o'er our fears,
Are all with thee—are all with thee.

Verdant shores edge the waters of an inlet called the North-west Arm, near Halifax, NOVA SCOTIA. On this beautiful rippling sheet, which is three miles long and three-quarters of a mile wide, the people of Halifax delight to hold regattas. At the entrance of this inlet, on a summer day, 1749, there landed a troop of emigrants who had sailed from Portsmouth in the mother-country in the "Sphinx," a sloop-of-war, followed by thirteen transports. The company included artisans to build, statesmen to govern, soldiers to protect, tradesmen, professional men, schoolmasters, and actors. Their busy English hands at once made a clearing among the maples, beeches, and spruce trees.

The city of Halifax was founded, and Parliamentary government was established in 1758; and thus Nova Scotia was the first colony of the Empire to attain the pride of self-rule.¹

In 1908, on Tower Point, the spot at which the Portsmouth Pilgrims landed, was built a monument.

¹ Other colonies may here be compared. Newfoundland's legislature was established in 1833; Upper and Lower Canada, 1841; the Cape, 1853; New Zealand, 1854; New South Wales, 1855; the Canadian Dominion as a whole, 1867; the Australian Commonwealth as a whole, 1901; the Union of South Africa as a whole. 1909.

It stands on a commanding knoll which rises ninety feet above the sea, being surrounded on three sides by water; and from this place one gets a panoramic view of the Arm, and Halifax, and the mouth of the spacious harbour. On the knoll soars a tower, four-square, one hundred feet high; its lower part composed of rough native stone; its top shaped as a pyramid, and surmounted by a Union Jack. The Governor-General of Nova Scotia, accompanied by a crowd of citizens, laid the foundation-stone, and cordial telegrams were flashed from London and Ottawa. The tower, which was completed in 1912, recalls the establishment of the Parliament more than 150 years ago.¹ It may here be recalled that Mr. Cunard, the founder of a famous system of Atlantic liners, was a Nova Scotian.

One more note before we leave the Canadian shores.

A splendid illustration of Canadian enterprise and energy is afforded by the building of the Canadian Trunk Pacific Railroad, an extension, westwards to Prince Rupert, of lines begun in 1853. Red Indian navvies, as well as Europeans, have worked on it, and the East Canadian Indians are appreciated by the railway engineers. They are quick, intelligent, fearless. Mr. Talbot found Red Indians at work on the Grand Trunk bridge at Mattagami. They had been engaged on the great Quebec bridge at the moment

¹ J. W. Regan's "Sketches and Traditions of the North-west Arm," published in Nova Scotia, pp. 99-108.

when that structure collapsed. Undismayed by the accident, they were ready to take up similar employment elsewhere.¹ It is worthy of observation that red men, too often regarded by early colonists as enemies, are here seen co-operating with the white men in the labours of civilization.

The island colony of NEWFOUNDLAND is not yet a member of the Dominion of Canada. Wild and bare its mountains; countless its glistening lakes and pools; handsome its herds of antlered caribou; hardy and laborious its seal-catchers and fishermen; its men face the blizzard and the frost with valiant hearts, and its women are cheerful daughters of toil.

This first British colony was founded in the days of Queen Elizabeth.

Sir Humphrey Gilbert, born near the charming stream of the Dart in Devonshire, was educated at Eton and Oxford, fought for the Dutch against the oppression of the Spaniards, served England as a Member of Parliament, and made a plan for educating young people in London. In June, 1583, he sailed with four ships across the northern Atlantic, penetrated a dense fog, and, sighting Newfoundland, was so pleased with the country round the harbour of St. John, that he decided to take possession of it in the name of Queen Elizabeth; and then returned southwards, leaving one vessel to bring the sick men to England. One vessel was wrecked on the surf-beaten shore of Sable

¹ F. A. Talbot's "Making of a Great Canadian Railway," p. 270 a book full of interesting details.

Island. Gilbert resolved to sail home, and to return to America in the spring. A tempest beat upon his two ships off the Azores; and the next afternoon, Gilbert sat on the deck of his 10-ton craft, the "Squirrel," book in hand, and called out cheerily to the crews of the two vessels, "Courage, my lads! We are as near heaven by sea as by land." Night fell; and the watchers on the "Golden Hind" saw the lights of the "Squirrel" suddenly go out. Gilbert and all his crew had perished in the great waters.¹

In the year 1818 the British people and the people of the United States of America had agreed that Americans might fish along the coast of Newfoundland outside a line three miles off. Quarrels arose. "Three miles"—did this mean that you could draw a straight line from one headland of a bay to the opposite headland, and fish three miles outside that? Or could you go into the bays and fish anywhere, so long as you kept three miles from the shore? This question, and six other questions, were tried by a Court of Arbitration at the Hague in 1909-10. The Court consisted of five judges, one from Austria, one from Holland, one from Argentine, one from Great Britain, one from the United States. The Court gave its award, satisfying both sides, and obeyed by both sides, in September, 1910, and thus settled a dispute that had lasted ninety-two years.

¹ "Dictionary of National Biography."

VI. AUSTRALIA.

OUR magic aeroplane next wings its way over the giant island of Australia, which looks southwards towards the snowy Pole, first reached by the bold Norwegian Amundsen, and northwards towards the peaks and forests of New Guinea. Wide stretches its plain to the foot of the Blue Mountains, and the Australian Alps; and on the green pastures we hear the bleat of unnumbered flocks of sheep. There are ugly and dreary salt-swamps here and there, and stony deserts and hot sandy levels seem to defy man's approach, and many a river dries up in summer into a miserable chain of pools. But man will not be daunted by stone and sand. He is collecting water from the River Murray, at the time of the big rains, and he stores it in vast reservoirs; and in the course of years he will irrigate the waste and make it alive with crops and cities and rail-roads. The yellow flowers of the wattle glow in the sun, and the eucalyptus tree springs high to heaven; opossums climb, cockatoos scream, kangaroos leap, cassowaries scamper with outspread wings, and the curious podargi-bird shouts "More pork!" The homes of a British population dot the lands that border on the

sea, the cities of the Commonwealth are ever growing, and the constant call sounds to England, Scotland, and Ireland—"Send us more of your stalwart sons and daughters".

"Advance, Australia!"

On 24 November, 1642 (the time when England was beginning its great Civil War), Abel Tasman, a Dutch navigator in command of two vessels, sighted a limestone promontory on the west coast of a large island. Before sunset, he saw a range of lofty mountains. A week afterwards he landed, but saw no natives, though he heard the sound of some kind of horn. A few days later he saw smoke rising, but still discovered no natives. A ship's carpenter swam ashore, and erected a post, on which a compass had been carved, and the Dutch flag hoisted. Then the voyagers in these hitherto unknown seas sailed on eastwards, and before long descried the south island of the country which came to be known as New Zealand. Tasman was the first to use the name, in memory of a province, Zealand, in his own beloved Netherlands. Though the island on which the carpenter had hoisted the Dutch flag was first named Van Dieman's Land, after the Dutch governor of Java, it is now rightly known as Tasmania.¹ The British people should generously acknowledge the debt due to the energy of the Dutch pioneers in Australian regions during the seventeenth century.

In 1769 Captain Cook sailed along the east coast

¹ G. Tregarthen's "Australian Commonwealth," pp. 5, 6.

of Australia. Sir Joseph Banks and Dr. Solander, botanists both, landed at a spot so rich in new varieties of plants that the place gained the name of Botany Bay. Cook then pushed northwards. One night the ship struck on a sunken rock, and canvas was passed underneath the hull to check the leak. The distressed craft made for the land at a point called by Cook "Cape Tribulation". Like St. Paul, the valiant Yorkshireman could speak of himself as "Rejoicing in hope, patient in tribulation". Fortunately the leak was found to be partially plugged by a piece of broken coral. Thus successes and mishaps alternated in the experience of the early explorers.¹

George Bass was the son of a Lincolnshire farmer, and became a naval surgeon. In 1797-8, sailing in a sloop provided by the governor of New South Wales, Bass examined the coasts of Tasmania, passed through the strait named after him, and, by cruising round Tasmania, was the first to prove it an island. An important water of the Empire thus records his enterprise, but, like many another servant of the commonweal, he vanishes from sight, and the time and place of his death are not certainly known.²

In 1788 Captain Arthur Phillip (born in the city of London), the first governor of New South Wales, arrived with a small fleet, laden with convicts and stores, in Port Jackson—"the finest harbour in the world," as he declared. The British flag was un-

¹ Tregarthen's "Australian Commonwealth".

² "Dictionary of National Biography."

furled, and volleys were fired.¹ Governor Phillip assembled the convicts, and advised them to lead orderly and law-abiding lives; offenders would receive punishment.² Work proceeded; some cut down timber; some set up a blacksmith's forge; some dragged loads of provisions; some erected dwellings; some planted trees and shrubs.³ The seeds and shrubs were obtained from the Cape of Good Hope and from Rio in Brazil.⁴

Provisions ran short in the colony in 1790, and a man was stationed at South Head to look out, early and late. Often he saw a little cloud and mistook it for a ship. Great was the joy when a vessel appeared, and women ran to and fro, kissing their children in their delight. In 1804 an insurrection of convicts took place; the rebels were charged by troops; twelve were killed; the leaders were hanged.⁵ These incidents reveal the social troubles of the early period.

Charles Sturt came from Dorsetshire—that county of green hills which gave us John Gould, the "Bird Man" (the author of a fine volume on the birds of Australia), and Thomas Hardy, the novelist. Born in 1795, Sturt was educated at Harrow School, and afterwards served in the army. In 1826 he voyaged to New South Wales in charge of the convicts; and the chief part of his life was devoted to the explora-

¹ This illustrates the political aspect of the enterprise.

² Moral and civic aspect.

³ Industrial aspect.

⁴ Illustration of dependence of one country upon another.

⁵ Tregarthen's "Australian Commonwealth," pp. 35-62.

tion of the Australian continent and service of its commonweal. With a few companions, he sailed in an old whale-boat down the magnificent River Murray to its junction with the sea, and then returned to New South Wales, having been reduced to the last morsels of food, and some of his party being almost insane through hardship. In 1844 he travelled into the South Australian interior, spending the summer in Rocky Glen, where the heat drew the screws from the boxes and caused the men's finger-nails to become brittle like glass. Thence Sturt toiled over a stony desert, and over dreary sandhills as far as Eyre Creek (Sept., 1845). He returned to Adelaide after an absence of nineteen months, and was now almost blind. He was able to say that he had never taken the life of a native, and that his route over vast and various regions of Australia had been "a bloodless path". In 1869 he died at Cheltenham, in Gloucestershire. Captain Sturt is regarded by Australians as the chief hero of the exploration of their continent.¹

The excitement was intense in 1851 when the rush to the goldfields took place. At Ballarat and Bendigo, a crowd of 40,000 men were grubbing in the soil for the precious metal, and crews deserted their vessels to try their fortunes at the diggings.² But a more heroic light is thrown on the history of Victoria by the travels and the fate of Burke and Wills. Robert

¹ Favenc's "Explorers of Australia," chaps. vi, xii; and Mennell's "Australasian Biography".

² Tregarthen's "Australian Commonwealth," pp. 242-5.

O'Hara Burke, an Irishman from County Galway, and William John Wills, a Devonshire man, set out from Melbourne in August, 1860, with a party of fellow-explorers, and a number of Indian camels. Burke and Wills crossed the continent as far as the mangrove swamps and tidal waters of the River Flinders, near the Gulf of Carpentaria. Disaster marked the return journey. Unable to find the companions who had been left behind with stores, Burke starved and died. Wills wandered off to get help from natives, but he also died. Expeditions went out to recover their bodies. The governor of Victoria said of them:—

So fell two as gallant spirits as ever sacrificed life for the extension of science or the cause of mankind. . . . Both died without a murmur, evincing their loyalty and devotion to their country to the last.

A monument of the two explorers now stands in front of the Parliament House at Melbourne.¹

In 1840 Edward John Eyre, with five Europeans, three natives, some horses, and a small flock of sheep, started on a journey from Adelaide, South Australia. A large glittering lake turned out to be composed of dry salt. They traversed a desolate waste which only furnished salt water. Then they struggled along the shore of the Great Australian Bight. Mr. Eyre sent some of his party back, and pushed on with one white man—Baxter—three natives, and a few horses. They trudged over loose sand and hard rocks under a sultry

¹ Mennell's "Australasian Biography".

sun. Water failed; the horses fell. Baxter one night was murdered by two of the blacks, who then ran away. Eyre remained on the gloomy coast with one native, and his position in the darkness of the night, with a fierce wind howling over the wilderness, was tragic in the extreme. He and his companion journeyed westwards till they reached Thistle Cove, where they were delighted to see a French whaling-ship at anchor. Supplied with fresh clothes and provisions, and with horses newly-shod, Eyre set out again, and he arrived at King George's Sound in July, 1841, and was received with enthusiasm by the citizens of Albany.¹ Eyre was a Yorkshireman. He was Governor-General of Jamaica in 1864-5, and died in Oxfordshire in 1906.

A Scotchman from Fifeshire, John Macdouall Stuart, rendered splendid service to South Australia. He made six journeys between 1858 and 1862, and, in the last, he succeeded in penetrating right across the continent. On the way he named a peak, Central Mount Sturt, after the noble explorer Captain Sturt; but the name has been mistakenly changed to Stuart. Riding for many days through dense "hedgewood" scrub, he at length reached the northern coast, dipped his hands triumphantly into the sea, and hoisted a Union Jack on the summit of a tall sapling, which he had stripped of its branches. Nearly blind, he re-entered Adelaide amid the cheers of the people. In broken health, he voyaged to

¹ Favenc's "Explorers of Australia," ch. xi.

England, and died at Notting-hill, London, in 1869. His labours proved the possibility of constructing the overland telegraph.¹

The enterprise which connected Adelaide with Port Darwin by telegraph deserves the highest admiration. Much of the country was rocky wilderness and sandy desert, with little grass or water. The distance was 2200 miles. A cable company had agreed to join the wire from Singapore to the northern coast, if the South Australian Government would do the rest. The work was divided into three portions under the direction of Mr. Charles Todd. By the summer of 1872 the southern and middle portions were completed, but the Port Darwin end was unfinished, owing to the intense tropical heat, and the absence of timber for making posts. Mr. Todd hastened north, procured Chinese and Hindu coolies,² dug wells, set up iron posts where trees could not be obtained, joined the last gap in the wire at Central Mount Stuart, and the first message was flashed from north to south in August, 1872.³ Charles Todd was born in London in 1826, and worked as assistant at Greenwich Observatory and Cambridge Observatory. After constructing the overland telegraph, he laid a wire, more than a thousand miles long, from Adelaide to Western Australia.⁴

¹ Favenc's "Explorers of Australia," ch. xiii; and Mennell's "Australasian Biography".

² Note the co-operation of Asiatic and white workers.

³ Tregarthen's "Australian Commonwealth," pp. 226-7.

⁴ Mennell's "Australasian Biography".

VII. NEW ZEALAND.

ACROSS more than a thousand miles of heaving waters flies our magic aeroplane, and we hover over the "Long White Cloud". This flight has brought us from Australia to New Zealand. Forests mantle the mountain slopes of the North Island, and Lake Taupo glitters. The South Island spreads its wide green pastures, and points heavenward in many an Alpine peak; the white glaciers encrust the great hills, and thousands of rivers dance downwards to the plains and the Pacific Ocean. In many a valley the charred and rotted stumps of trees mark the reckless waste of forest caused by the early British settlers, who thus destroyed two-fifths of the glorious woodland; but the commonwealth has learned thrift, and now protects the forests, and replants the bare places. Wool is king of New Zealand trade; gold is extracted; flax yields fibre. In the soil once crowned by the glorious Kauri trees, lumps of the golden gum are turned up by diggers. Many a steamer bears loads of frozen meat to England. More than a million people—mainly of English, Welsh, Scottish, and Irish blood—live and labour in these islands; the native Maories numbering some

50,000. Before the White Race settled here, the Maoris may have been 150,000.

Strong paddlers of long canoes, clever wielders of axes and other tools of green-stone, strenuous dancers, fiery orators, singers of songs, dwellers in dirty hovels, revengeful for wrongs, horrid eaters of human flesh—such were the brown-skinned, tattooed, and warlike Maories. If they were cruel at one time they were generous at another. Sometimes when a party of Maories were besieging a fort, and knew the enemies lacked food, or stones or spears, they would send them a supply, laying the things down in heaps near the fort and then retiring. They were lovers of poetry, and, at the burial of a chief, would chant such dirges as this:—

Behold the glare of the lightning!
It seems to rive Tuwhare's rugged mountains,
From thy hand the weapon has fallen,
And thy spirit has departed
Beyond the heights of Raukawa.

There were wars with the natives in 1843 and 1869. As in most colonies, the earlier days saw many a dreadful scene of conflict between the coloured folk and the new-comers. New Zealand became a British colony in 1840. In 1842 a British subject was tried and imprisoned for shooting at a Maori. Such offences had been common, and this man's punishment had the effect of checking such practices, and convincing Europeans that equal justice would be dealt out to both races. A Maori letter to Queen Victoria in 1849 told of gratitude to Governor

Grey for schools and hospitals, and was accompanied by a gift of flour from corn grown on a Maori farm. This was a token of the more civilized life opening up for the Maori folk.¹

The right of possession of the land caused disputes for many years, and certain lands were at last "reserved" by public consent for the use of Maories only. This, of course, was just and honourable. But the following incident shows that, while the general body of British people sooner or later arrive at the right point, there are lower-class people who think it no sin to cheat the coloured people. About 1870 some British land-dealers persuaded the Maories near Napier and Taupo to let on lease a block of 48,000 acres at £18 (only £18!) a year; and when Dr. Pollen, a Government Commissioner, came to look at the parchment on which the agreement was written, he noticed part of the deed was smeared over with black. With a sponge he wiped off the black, and found writing which stated that, at the end of the lease, the Maories must pay for all the improvements made on the estate before they could have the land back. This writing they had not seen; nor could they ever have paid the money demanded. They had been deceived. On the other hand, ghastly as their acts of war might be, they understood justice in their savage way. Once a Maori found two white men on his land from which they had been warned off. One, named Sullivan, he slew. The other, Jones, he pursued to the boundary

¹ W. Rusden's "History of New Zealand," Vol. I.

of his land. As soon as he saw the runaway leap over the fence, he cried, "Stop, Jones! there's an end of it; you are at the boundary"—and he did him no further hurt.¹

Samuel Marsden, born near Leeds in 1764, was a student at Cambridge, went out as chaplain to Australia, taught convicts, and between 1814 and 1837, made seven voyages to New Zealand, where he and his helpers taught the native children, built houses and boats, made fishing lines, tried to prevent wars, and opposed cannibalism and slavery. This valiant captain of civilization among the Maories died in 1838, and native admirers raised a marble tablet in grateful memory of the white man's goodness.²

It is pleasant to be able to add that the Maori people are now one with the British, and the special Maori vote sends four native gentlemen to represent their people in the New Zealand Parliament. The colony (now a Dominion) began its self-government in 1852, and women and men vote for representatives in the "House". Old age pensions (for persons over 65) were established in 1898, for Maories as well as whites. The New Zealanders, fond of open-air life and exercise, are more free from the alcohol evil than the British at home. The Government has usually in its employ some thousands of labourers who make roads, build bridges, construct drains, and erect and repair public buildings.³

¹ Rusden's "New Zealand," Vol. III, pp. 59 66.

² "Dictionary of National Biography."

³ W. P. Reeves's "Long White Cloud".

VIII. SOUTH AFRICA.

OVER South Africa our air boat now wings its way. Below us, a solid mass, lies the huge wedge of land which ends in the southward point of the Cape of Good Hope. From low coasts, the hills rise in terraces to a vast table-land, and a desert plain in the centre reflects the sun's hot rays. Dry and bracing is the air. Coarse grass mantles many a plain and valley, and patches of brush roughen the sides of hills. Northwards, we descry a richer scene, where palms, cotton, tobacco, ebony, etc., flourish, and the lion, elephant, rhinoceros, hippopotamus, giraffe, and zebra provide "big game" for hunters. The ostrich strides over many a southern farm, and, in remoter spots, the red flamingo flies.

We glance now at South African history. Two small Portuguese vessels under the command of Bartholomew Diaz, the Portuguese sailor, cruised off South Africa, and Diaz set up a cross on an islet in Algoa Bay. Turning back, he saw the bold headland which he named the Cape of Storms, a title changed soon afterwards to the Cape of Good Hope. In 1497 the famous seafarer, Vasco da Gama, doubled the Cape, and, on Christmas Day (Christ's Natal day) he first

beheld a beautiful bay to which he gave the name of the Bay of Natal.¹ The poet Camoens in the "Lusiads" pictures the Spirit of the Cape as rising up on the coast—grim, pallid, and gigantic—and threatening trouble to the daring sailors who invaded his domain.²

Early in the seventeenth century the Dutch began to visit the Cape. In 1657 settlers came from Holland to the Cape. A number of them were orphan girls. They brought with them memories of the noble Netherlands, the country of dykes, canals, windmills, pastures, spotlessly clean cottages, and an industrious people, who were as proud of their daily labour in field and workshop, as they were brave to resist the invaders of their liberties. They carried with them copies of the Dutch Bible; and it was no wonder that a band of 200 or 300 Bible-loving Huguenots, unhappy in France, found their way to the Dutch settlement at the Cape. The colonists introduced the oak, fir, vine, strawberry, blackberry, wheat, barley, oats, pigs, sheep, dogs, rabbits, poultry, horses, etc. Unfortunately, they employed negroes as slaves.³ After about 140 years of Dutch rule the Napoleonic wars caused a change. A British force arrived before the Castle at Capetown in 1795, and the Dutch garrison marched out with the honours of war, colours flying, and

¹Theal's "South Africa," pp. 8-12.

²The story of "Round the Cape," based on Camoens' poem, is told in Gould's "Conduct Stories".

³Theal's "South Africa," pp. 18-33.

drums beating.¹ The colony was not finally included in the Empire till 1814.

The natives are Bantu people, and others. To these add the Hindu coolies and traders, and we see how many races combine to build up the life and fortunes of the great South African commonwealth.

An East Lothian lad was working as a gardener's apprentice in 1809; at night he was attending classes, playing the violin, and working at the anvil. This was Robert Moffat (born 1795). He sailed to the Cape as a missionary in 1817. He learned Dutch; and he lived among the Namaqua natives for a year, adopting their manners as far as he could, in order to gain their friendship. In 1819 he married a Scotchwoman, Mary Smith, who shared his labours for fifty years. Once, unhappily, he and his friends were obliged, in self-defence, to fight a swarm of Mantatee natives, but Moffat's desire was to help and improve the African people. For two months he lived in a Sechwana camp, so that he might the better learn the language; and a church and a school were built. When a building was being erected, Moffat would himself assist at the blacksmith's forge and the carpenter's bench; and manual work was taught in the mission school. Tireless as a teacher, earnest in toil for the good of the African people, he rode across deserts, forded rivers, ventured among wild tribes, and feared no evil. Tall and manly, with shaggy hair

¹ Theal's "South Africa," ch. ix.

and clear, steady eyes, he was admired and respected by natives and whites alike. His daughter married the famous Livingstone. His wife died at Brixton in 1871, and Moffat himself died at Leigh, Kent, in 1883; and a monument has been raised to his memory at his Scottish birthplace.¹

Many a sad struggle has taken place between the white strangers—Dutch and British—and the coloured folk. There is a place in Natal known as Weenen, or Weeping, reminding us of the spirit of Rachel, weeping at her grave in Ramah:—

A voice is heard in Ramah, lamentation and bitter weeping; Rachel weeping for her children; she refuseth to be comforted for her children, because they are not (Jeremiah xxxi. 15).

Here, on a bright December day, 1895, a camp of ox-drawn wagons was pitched among the mimosa trees, and some 1200 persons, mostly Dutch, knelt in prayer and sang solemn hymns. They marched in procession over the sun-baked veld to a quiet spot, where a grave had been dug to receive a heap of bones and broken weapons, etc. General Joubert rose to speak memorial words concerning the men and women whose bones were that day buried, and who had perished in a massacre at the hands of Zulus in the year 1838. A monument was to be raised over this grave of the slain, and General Joubert laid the foundation-stone. And, just as the words of peace and charity were uttered at the place of the dead at Weenen, so let us to-day speak only in peace and

¹ "Dictionary of National Biography."

charity of the quarrels of past years between Dutch and British, and of the war of 1899-1902.

Sir John Robinson (former premier of Natal), who tells the incident at Weenen just related, pays a tribute of heart-felt praise to the nineteenth century emigrants, especially the patient women and mothers, who bore the hardships of the voyages from Great Britain to South Africa. In 1850 hardly one steamship had yet crossed the Equator, and the sailing vessels were very miserable homes for the way-farers. The cabins were uncomfortable. Once a week stores were dealt out and the passengers had to prepare their own food, an old sailor cooking the meals in the galley on deck. The food was often foul and rotten ; the biscuits hard almost like stone. Sir John says :—

Tin pannikins and platters mostly formed the table equipage. Floors and tables were seldom, if ever, scrubbed. Scraped they were as the voyage advanced, at long intervals, the dirt of weeks being thus removed. Of the atmosphere 'tween-decks the less said the better. For months, or even years afterwards, the smell of the ship haunted the nostrils of the emigrants with a sense of loathing that no words can describe. Long before shore was neared, the water-supply ran short, and the foul contents of the wooden butts that did duty for tanks were doled out in pints and half-pints, for the relief of palates parched by the sun of a Southern summer.

Sir John recalls the discomforts of the voyage of 117 days from London to Natal in 1850, and adds :—

I was a child then, and thought less of them than I should at a later age. Those upon whom the brunt of them fell—the mothers and the grown-up women, God bless their sweet and ennobling memories !—have mostly passed to their rest, full of all the honour due to bravely-borne trials and patient toil. It is well, however, that

a later and more happily-endowed generation should know what sort of life the earlier out-goers of Greater Britain had to face and to endure.¹

And what difficulties awaited settlers and pioneers on shore ! To what new and hard tasks their energies had to turn ! The first greengrocer in Durban (says Sir John Robinson) had been a tinsmith ; one of the earliest market-gardeners had been an auctioneer ; and schools were established by persons who, in the Old Country, had never taught a lesson. Floods ruined farms ; locusts devoured crops ; the grass of the veld, catching fire, flamed over many a mile, and raised dense clouds of smoke that could be observed from ships at sea. Cotton failed in the plantations, but sugar succeeded. Great was the joy in 1852, when the first crop of canes were squeezed, and produced a coarse and treacly mixture, which was hailed as Natal's first home-grown sugar. Many were the trials made to ascertain if hardy English fruit-trees and other plants would thrive in the African orchards. Cherries and gooseberries had a keen struggle for existence, but strawberries, pears, and plums did well, and mingled their gifts with the native pine-apples and mangoes.²

For many years past, coloured citizens of Cape Colony were allowed the vote, if they possessed the same qualifications as to property, etc., as white voters. Under the Union of South Africa Act, 1909, the privilege of voting was maintained for these coloured

¹ "A Life-time in South Africa," ch. i.

² *Id.*, ch. iv.

citizens. By this act all the colonies in the region were joined in one government. The first Governor-General of the Union was Lord Gladstone, son of the famous Gladstone who served Britain as Prime Minister, and whose home at Hawarden Castle in North Wales was so often visited by crowds of admirers of the "Grand Old Man". And the first Premier of the Union was Louis Botha. In the war of 1899-1902, he had fought as a valiant foe against the British troops. The war closed, and Botha prayed to Boers and British, "to let the blood of the brave who found their graves in South Africa be the cement that will bind us together". The Hon. Louis Botha attended the Imperial Conference in 1911, and received degrees, amid the welcome of many voices, at the Universities of Oxford, Cambridge, and Glasgow.

IX. INDIA.

To India next!

The aeroplane of our fancy could not soar over a more magnificent land. Shaped not unlike a heart, this home of more than three hundred million people lies between the vast waters of the Indian Ocean and the white peaks and giant glaciers of the Himalaya Mountains. On the slopes of those enormous hills the rhododendron glows with red blossom, and the tall deodar lifts its head among the armies of trees in the forests; and the eagle, the vulture, and the pheasant fly in pride and freedom. Across the broad plains, where many a city hums, and the towers of many a temple glitter, rolls the mighty stream of the sacred Ganges; and the Brahmaputra falls from the northern cliffs, and roars through the gorges of Assam, and mixes its muddy waters with the tides of the Bay of Bengal. The widespread table-land of the Dekkan is rich in forests, where the elephant roams and the tiger lurks; rich also in fields ploughed by the buffalo and the industrious peasant. Across the water-passage of Manaar Gulf we behold the lovely island of Ceylon; and eastwards, a thousand miles beyond, the golden pagodas of Burma shine over the rice

fields in the valley of the Irawadi. If time allowed, it would charm your ears to hear the tale of Rama the prince, and Sita his loyal wife, and how they wandered in exile for fourteen years in the forest, and how Sita was captive in the castle of the demons of Ceylon, and how she was delivered by the courage and wit of Hanuman, the Monkey-King, and how she and Rama returned in peace to their palace in Oude by the Ganges. This is a story beloved by all the Hindus.¹ Many volumes would be needed also to portray the nations and tribes of Indian plains and mountains—the Hindus who adore Brahma, the Moslems who bow to Allah in the mosques, the Parsees who look on fire as a pure image of God, the Buddhists who honour the teachings of Buddha in Ceylon; the Yogis who live a simple life, and give their days and nights to dreams of things divine.²

Three aspects of Indian life and history may be noticed in our Empire review:—

1. *Civilization and Culture.*

On the banks of the Indus, the fair-skinned Aryans began the story of Indian civilization. They ploughed and irrigated fields, spun and wove, fought with javelin and bow, and adored the fire-god and other gods, and repeated the sacred hymns known as Vedas; and in those days there were no sharp divisions of castes

¹ A children's version of the "Ramayana" legend is given in Gould's "Divine Archer".

² Many Hindu and Mohammedan stories will be found in Gould's "Youth's Noble Path".

or classes. This Vedic Age lasted from about 2000 to 1400 B.C.

In the period 1400 to 800 B.C., the Indians thought of God, not as many, but as one. The caste of priests (Brahmans) taught religion; and the three other castes that arose were the warriors, the men of industry and trade, and the lowly serving-folk. At this time were composed two grand epic poems—one was the story of the war of kings and princes, the "Mahabharata"; the other was the "Ramayana," the story of the noble prince Rama and the Lady Sita.¹

About 500 B.C. the saintly teacher Buddha lived and preached in Northern India. When he was 29 years old he rode out from his father's palace in a chariot with a servant. He saw a man bent and weak with old age; and he mused on the old age that was in store, perhaps, for himself. Next day, again riding out, he saw a man lying sick; and he mused on the sickness that beset humanity. The third day, he again rode forth, and beheld a dead man by the wayside, and he mused on death. Solemn thoughts weighed upon his soul; he left his princely home for ever, and lived as a poor wayfarer, blessing the people by his love and pity, and teaching them the Way of Righteousness, the Noble Path, and the Wheel of the Law.

India was the source of many amusing fairy-tales

¹The late R. C. Dutt translated both the epics into English verse.

and fables.¹ The Hindus knew a good deal of astronomy even in olden times, and invented the decimal system of numbering. Their temples display wonderful carvings of gods, goddesses, dancing-girls, warriors, horses, snakes, birds, elephants, lions, trees, and flowers—the lotus flower being held sacred; and, in some cases, chambers and pillars have been patiently cut out of solid rock. The Hindu theatres, many centuries ago, were crowded with people eager to witness plays full of adventure and tragedy; and Hindu poets told love-stories, and praised the beauty of their land. For instance, the legend of the “Bridal of Uma” (the Himalayan girl who wedded Siva) begins:—

Himalaya mountain-monarch,
Guarding regions of the north,
Stretching east to western ocean,
Seems to span the spacious earth.
As the cow gives milk to young ones,
So the earth to Himalay
Yielded wealth of wood and forest,
And gems and stones of purest ray.²

2. *Contacts with other Nations.*

About 325 B.C. the Greeks, coming from the land known to us by its temples, sculpture, and the poet who tells of the siege of Troy, entered India under the command of Alexander the Great; but they set up no lasting rule. In later ages (eighth century on-

¹ For some well-told examples, see Miss M. E. Noble's “Cradle Tales of Hinduism”.

² From R. C. Dutt's “Indian Poetry”.

wards), the warriors who held the faith of Islam invaded India in wave after wave; the greatest Mohammedan ruler being the emperor Akbar, who reigned in the days of our Queen Elizabeth. It was the son of this wise emperor whose love of justice is recorded in the golden bells which rang close to his ear, and awakened him from his couch when any suppliant pulled a chain outside the palace gate. Seven years before Akbar died (that is, in 1598), the ships of the Portuguese pioneers appeared off the Indian coast, and the Portuguese had considerable power in different parts of India for a century. Dutch ships followed, and French ships, and English ships. The English ships belonged to the East India Company, formed in 1600. Step by step the British trader and the British soldier and the British statesmen pushed their power and their flag; and when, in 1911, the King-Emperor George and the Queen-Empress Mary held their grand court, or Durbar, at Delhi, and received the homage of many princes, the British rule was spread over 315,000,000 of people. Under British rule Hindus and Moslems lived in peace. The long age thus briefly outlined was marked in India, as in Europe, by many dreadful wars. But it should be remembered that, all this time, the people continued their simple life and agriculture in their village communities, and kept in memory their noble old poems, and faithfully worshipped at shrine and temple. It should be remembered, too, that the Indians are a religious people.

They respect the Christian faith and all other modes of faith and worship. Nor have they ever ceased to show their skill in the arts of weaving silk and cotton, and brocade of gold, and in the carving of ivory. It is a most wonderful fact that India was civilized at a time when many parts of Europe were still savage.¹

3. British Administration.

The following results of British rule may be named : Abolition of "Sati," or the burning of widows on the funeral pyres of husbands ; abolition of the Thug terror, under which the Thugs slew innocent persons in the mistaken idea that such action pleased the goddess Kali ; better sanitation in towns and villages ; gradual riddance of malaria, a disease caused by mosquitoes ; construction of railways, roads, and canals ; great irrigation works ; care of forests ; establishment of telegraphs and post offices ; the use of one coinage all over India ; respect for old Hindu and Moslem law ; gradual extension of schools, though very much remains to be done for the children of India ; local government, that is, the rule of cities and villages by natives of India working with British officials ; and lastly, the Indian Councils Act, 1909, under which Hindus and Moslems take a larger part in electing members of Councils of districts. Elder

¹Consult R. C. Dutt's "Civilization in Ancient India"; also the same author's small "School History of Ancient and Modern India".

scholars can be reminded that in India, as in our colonies in the past, and as in all civilized countries, people ask for a fuller share in the government as they become better educated.

In lessons preceding Empire-day, something might be said of the industries of India—cotton, tea, jute, etc., and about agricultural banks. A reference might be made to the deputation of English and Indian members of the International Cotton Committee to Lord Crewe, Secretary of State, in July, 1912. They asked that more encouragement should be given to the Indian cotton-growers. Lord Crewe's reply touched on that, and on other industrial points :—

He had been much impressed by what had been said by members of the deputation with regard to making additions to the European agricultural staff. The difficulties in the way of increasing the staff were mainly two. There was the question of cost, as paid English officers in India were not precisely cheap. Again, the young Indians (and this was one of the complaints against our system of education) turned their thoughts more towards literature than to industry. He was glad to say, however, that a considerable number were now studying engineering, and subjects of that kind, and it was natural that the Government of India should desire, as far as possible, to train its young men in work of this practical character. It might be that until sufficient Indians were capable of undertaking this work, a few more Europeans might be appointed. He said without hesitation that there was nothing whatever in the Indian character or intellect which should prevent Indians from doing this work quite as well as it could be done by agriculturists from England. It was the desire of the Indian Government to set aside an increasing amount of money for the encouragement of the different processes of agriculture.

Terrible suffering has been caused by famines, as,

for instance, in 1900 to 1903, when 5,000,000 of people were put on relief works. It is a point of honour for both Indians and British to co-operate in fighting this vast evil.

A warm tribute should be paid to the benefits bestowed upon various parts of the Empire by the labour of coolies from India. The Indian Government carefully watches the way in which these Hindu labourers are recruited, shipped, landed in Mauritius, Guiana, etc., and treated during their term of hired labour. The following are the activities pursued by coolies: In Assam, they cultivate tea, refine oil, delve coal, and saw timber. Men from the Punjab built a railway in Uganda. In the Malay States the coolies produce sugar, coffee, and rubber. In Mauritius they have increased the yield of sugar and rice, and done much service as gardeners, carters, carriers, and hawkers. It may be observed that about 1000 Indians possess the vote in Mauritius. Coolies work the rice and sugar estates of Guiana. In Trinidad they caused the sugar and cocoa industries to prosper. In Jamaica they have assisted in the cultivation of sugar and bananas. The agriculturists of Honduras have declared the need for Indian labour. Coolies toil on the sugar-plantations of Fiji. They raise cotton in the British East Africa Protectorate. Lumber mills in British Columbia have employed them. It was calculated that, in 1910, about 150,000 Indians lived in the Union of South Africa, of whom 120,000 were in Natal, most of them being labourers,

cultivators of fruit and vegetables, etc., and many were traders.¹

In India the people worship Brahma, the Creator, Siva the Destroyer, Vishnu the Preserver; or Allah—by which name the Mohammedans think of God as they pray in the mosques, or as they read the Koran. Hindus are born into various castes. Indian skins are of various hues. But, no matter what the differences of man from man may be, the Government of India Act, 1833, declared that—

No person, by reason of his birth, CREED, or colour, shall be disqualified from holding office.

Rightly, therefore, in India, as well as Britain, King George may be entitled "Defender of the Faith".

In a few words, we will now give the lives of two Indians, one a Hindu, the other a Mohammedan.

Romesh Chunder Dutt was born at Calcutta in 1848. One of his early recollections dated back to 1858, when, after the great Mutiny, Queen Victoria's proclamation gave a pledge of just government to the inhabitants of India, and the reading of the Queen's message was followed by the roar of cannon and the cheers of the people. In 1868 he travelled to England, where he diligently studied, and where also he gained an insight into things British. He heard Gladstone and Disraeli speak in the House of

¹Details on these subjects will be found in the three volumes of "Crown Colonies Report," 1910; and a discussion at the Governor-General of India's Council, 25 February, 1910.

Commons; he met John Bright; and he listened to Charles Dickens reading from his own works.

- A terrible storm-wave carried disaster and death, in 1876, over south-eastern Bengal, and the bodies of drowned men and women lay in heaps. Mr. Dutt was appointed to reorganize part of the stricken land. He restored order; he rebuilt cottages; and relieved the sufferers. Later on he acted as a magistrate, and afterwards as Commissioner of the Burdwan district, and he was decorated as C.I.E. (Companion of the Indian Empire). Many were the books he wrote on the history and poetry of his motherland. So learned was he in such subjects that, at one time, he taught at University College, London, as Lecturer on Indian History. In his last years he worked hard as Minister of State in Baroda, and there he died in 1910, much mourned by his fellow-countrymen, and by English people who admired him as a scholar and a patriot.

At Delhi (now the capital of India) was born, in 1817, the famous Mohammedan Indian, Syed Ahmed Khan. He was educated at first at home by his mother, who, up to his twelfth year, used to hear him repeat at night the lessons he had learned during the day. In the British service, he acted as a judge; and, in 1858, he opened a school for teaching history. He formed a society for printing books on science, so that Indian readers might know what European writers taught. On a voyage to London in 1869, he met Miss Mary Carpenter, the lady whom we have

already named among good Englishwomen. While in England he published a life of Mohammed—the Prophet whom, as a Moslem, he honoured as the Messenger of God. Having served as a judge for more than thirty years, Syed Ahmed resolved to give further help to the cause of education. He collected money from both Moslems and Hindu subscribers, and established a college at Aligarh. The college was to be open to Mohammedans, and also to students who held other religious faiths. Not long afterwards he was appointed a member of the Viceroy's council. So much admired was he by his Moslem fellow-countrymen that, when he visited the Punjab, people gathered round him and hung a garland of flowers on his neck. Sir Syed Ahmed Khan, K.C.S.I. (Knight Commander of the Star of India), died in 1898. His monument was the college and its classrooms, crowded with boys from all provinces of India. English boys will be pleased to know that Sir Syed laid out a cricket ground for the students, and that he delighted to watch a friendly contest on the green between the college Eleven and an English Eleven.¹ Nor do Moslems alone handle the bat. What Empire lad has not heard of the famous cricketer, the prince Ranjitsinhji, the Jam Sahib of Nawanagar? He played for England in England, and he played for England also in Australia.

¹ Lt.-Col. G. F. I. Graham's "Life and Work of Syed Ahmed Khan".

X. THE WEST INDIES.

OUR fancy aeroplane rushes through the tropics under the blazing sun until we swing over the deep blue sea where, like splendid jewels, lie the isles of the WEST INDIES, and the shores of which are here and there guarded by the Union Jack. Our gaze wanders over Trinidad, Grenada, the Leeward Islands, Jamaica; the mud flats, forests, and mountains of Guiana, the swamps and forests of Honduras. We observe the riches of the plant-life—mahogany, log-wood, sugar, coffee, cotton, castor-oil, bananas, india-rubber—our notebook cannot hold the names. We watch the negroes and Hindu coolies labouring in the fields. And as we lift up our eyes to the south-west, we catch sight of the busy thousands of engineers and navvies who are cutting the Panama Canal. When the United States Government opens the Canal in 1915, a new flow of trade will sweep through this West Indian water, and our Empire and all the rest of the world will win benefits from the wonderful passage cut by the genius of America from ocean to ocean.¹

We pause a few moments at Jamaica. This island

¹ The canal was begun by French engineers.

has been the scene of a progress from negro-slavery to negro-freedom. Here is the story in brief:—

(1) Before 1833.

The slave of a rich planter would take a pride in his appearance; he was kept like a well-groomed horse, and would display his strong muscles in order to show "what a fine nigger massa has got". On the other hand, a miserable and broken-down class of negroes were sold as "cheap lots" to poor whites, and even to other slaves. Half-starved, hard-worked, covered with sores which were too bad to be looked at except by other negroes, they were treated worse than mangy dogs.¹ Quakers had begun to make a stir about 1770, and to agitate for the abolition of negro-slavery in England. In 1807 the end of the slave-trade was secured, so far as concerned Great Britain and the colonies. This merely meant that no more slaves were imported. Jamaica business was flourishing in 1812, work was "speeded-up," gangs of slaves were driven into the fields, and governed by the driver's whip. The flogging of negro-women was stopped by order of the British Government in 1823. By the Act of Abolition, 1833, slavery was to give place to a system of four or six years' apprenticeship. After 1 August, 1834, all negro children born were to be entirely free at once.

(2) After 1833.

Slavery actually ceased in 1838, the British Government paying to the slave-owners in the Colonies a

¹ Rodway's "West Indies," pp. 158-9.

compensation of £20,000,000. The negroes slackened in their work, and the plantations decreased in value. Hindu coolies were hired for labour in Jamaica, British Guiana, and Trinidad. In 1865 a rising of negroes was put down by Governor Eyre. He was recalled from Jamaica, and was much blamed by many English people for his stern treatment of the coloured rebels. Whether he was right or wrong, the outcry in England was a proof that the negro race was regarded with increased respect. And it should be remembered that Mr. Eyre had shown very noble qualities in his work as an explorer.¹

Negro voters may now, under certain conditions, vote for members of the Jamaica legislature; and negroes also have the franchise in Guiana. Hindus who have worked on the plantations as coolies may buy land in Jamaica, and in Trinidad and British Guiana. A few Indians are registered as voters in Guiana.²

Before we pass from this quarter of the Empire, we may throw a glance towards the lonely rocks of the Bermudas in the Atlantic. Some touching verses were written by Andrew Marvel about the emigrants to these islands in the seventeenth century:—

Where the remote Bermudas ride,
In ocean's bosom unespied,
From a small boat that rowed along,
The listening winds received this song,—

¹ See the section on Australia, South.

² "Crown Colonies Report," 1910.

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“What should we do but sing His praise
That led us through the watery maze
And in these rocks for us did frame
A temple where to sound His name?”

Thus sung they in the English boat
A holy and a cheerful note,
And all the way to guide their chime,
With falling oars they kept the time.

XI. THE EMPIRE'S INFLUENCE IN EGYPT.

EGYPT, the Nile valley, 1000 miles long and 200 miles broad, has, since 1882, been under the control of Great Britain by consent of the Turkish Empire. In this land of wonderful old monuments, of a blue and rainless sky, and of one magnificent river, there are some 11,000,000 people of mixed races, and mostly Mohammedans, holding the creed that God is One, that God is Eternal, nor is there any like unto Him, and that Mohammed is His Prophet. On the one hand, it is an advantage that there are no castes in Egypt, as in India; on the other hand, it is a disadvantage that the women are shut out from life and affairs. Lord Cromer's book on "Modern Egypt" recounts the benefits given to Egypt by English energy—Abolition of the salt-tax, and easing of the taxes generally on the poorer people; a balance to the good in the accounts of the country instead of a deficit; the water-thrift of canals and the huge Nile dams, which increase the crops of sugar and cotton; the reform of the prisons, in which captives once lived for months like caged beasts, and without change of clothing; the purchase of slaves made a criminal offence; good hospitals and lunatic asylums;

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water-supply in towns improved; justice no longer bought and sold; increase of schools in towns and villages, including girls' schools; railways and postal business extended.¹

The Assuan Dam, barring the river above the first Nile cataract, was designed by Sir W. Willcocks. It is $1\frac{1}{2}$ miles wide, and through its 180 sluices, when open, pours a vast flood of water and fertilizing mud (alluvium). When the dam is raised (a work begun September, 1912), the volume of water let through will be doubled. The water saved by the barrage prevented the ruin of the cotton crops in 1905 and 1908, the early flood of the Nile not taking place in those years.

The benefits just named ought not to leave the impression that Egypt is a country without difficulties and discontents. In Egypt, as elsewhere, the duty of the British people is hard, and their responsibilities are heavy; and all young citizens should be mindful of the call of honour and justice towards the more backward nations with whom the Empire is in contact. Lord Cromer closes his book with a line from a Latin poet:—

What you rule over is of less importance than what you deserve to rule over.

¹ Lord Cromer's "Modern Egypt," 2 vols.; see especially Vol. II.

XII. AN EMPIRE GARLAND OF VERSES.

New Zealand.

A LADY looks at the graveyard where her friend lies buried, but she has the fancy that her own spirit, in years to come, will wander across to the England which she knew as a child :—

Homely blossoms grow
In our graveyard near the sea,
Where my love lies low,
With a place for me.
Pansy blooms and pinks,
The columbine's quaint bell,
Rosemary for remembrance
(Pray, love, remember well !);
But ah ! my happy ghost must walk,
If happy ghosts may be,
In an English lane or meadow,
With wild flowers growing free.
In an English lane
Where the primrose patches blow,
And the sweet spring rain,
Hangs jewels high and low.¹

Australia.

George Essex Evans, a poet of Welsh blood, born in London, and once a Queensland farmer, pays a

¹ From a poem by Mary Colborne Veel, in "New Zealand Verse," collected by W. F. Alexander and A. E. Currie.

tribute to the women who went with their loved ones to western frontier lands, helping to build up new homes.

They left the vine-wreathed cottage and the mansion on the hill,
The houses in the busy streets where life is never still,
The pleasures of the city, and the friends they cherished best,
For love they faced the wilderness—the Women of the West.

In the slab-built zinc-roofed homestead of some lately-taken run,
In the tent beside the bankment of a railway just begun,
In the hut on new selections, in the camps of man's unrest,
On the frontiers of the Nation, live the Women of the West.

Well have we held our father's creed. No call has passed us by;
We faced and fought the wilderness, we sent our sons to die;
And we have hearts to do and dare, and yet o'er all the rest,
The hearts that made the Nation are the Women of the West.¹

Union of South Africa.

The pride of the South African in the beauty of his land is expressed in W. Selwyn's "Cape of Good Hope":—

Land of serene and sunny skies,
Land of the lion and fleet gazelle,
Land where the summer never dies,
Cape of Good Hope, we love thee well.
Land where the birds in gorgeous plume
Flit through the bush or their love-song tell;
Land where the flowers show Eden's bloom,
Cape of Good Hope, we love thee well.
Land of a stalwart yeoman race,
Stern, but with hearts as true as a bell,
Homely, but full of a kindly grace,
Cape of Good Hope, we love thee well.

¹ From a poem included in the "Golden Treasury of Australian Verse," edited by Bertram Stevens.

Another singer (F. E. Walrond) delights in the African primrose which recalls the memory of the English flower :—

Sweet little yellow-head,
'Mid the broad green leaves,
How came you out here?
The month is now September,
And you are April's darling;
April, English April,
Who walks soft-footed through the dreaming woods,
And wakens buds of timid green
On old, rough, weather-beaten boughs,
And branches gnarled;
Green buds that break
Like smiles upon the worn and wrinkled face
Of some dear snow-haired woman,
Whose heart is still too tender to grow old.¹

Canada.

An Irishwoman, Isabella V. Crawford, whose family emigrated to Canada when she was eight years old, watched the woodman felling timber, and then mused thus :—

“Bite deep and wide, O Axe, the tree!
What doth thy bold voice promise me?”

I promise thee all joyous things
That furnish forth the life of kings;

For every silver-ringing blow,
Cities and palaces shall grow.

“Bite well and deep, O Axe, the tree!
Tell wider prophecies to me.”

¹ From “A Treasury of South African Poetry,” edited by E. H. Crouch.

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When rust hath gnawed me deep and red,
A nation strong shall lift his head.

His crown the very heavens shall smite,
Æons shall build him in his might.

“Bite deep and wide, O Axe, the tree!
Bright seer, help on thy prophecy.”

And of this Canadian “nation strong,” Sir James
D. Edgar sang this song :—

Let other tongues in older lands
Loud vaunt their claims to glory,
And chant in triumph of the past,
Content to live in story.
Though boasting no baronial halls,
Nor ivy-crested towers,
What past can match thy glorious youth,
Fair Canada of ours?
Fair Canada,
Dear Canada,
This Canada of ours.¹

¹ From Mrs. C. M. Whyte-Edgar's “Wreath of Canadian Song,”
containing selections and biographical sketches.

XIII. THE DUTY TO PROTECT.

BUT let not poetic music and the scenery of Empire tempt us to forget the stern and tremendous fact that the white race is protector of millions of coloured people, whose fathers have too often felt the cruelty of the white hand, and who to-day deserve the blessing of the white power.

A British sailor, who had survived from the wreck of a brig on the east coast of New Zealand in 1816, lived among the Maoris. One day he kindly lent a knife to a slave (taken in war). Not long afterwards he lent the same knife to the mother of a Maori chief. It happened that she died, and the native priest at once accused the sailor of breaking a Maori custom. He ought not, so the priest said, to have lent a knife which was "taboo" (forbidden) to a native lady after it had been used by a slave. The chief was anxious to excuse the sailor; but no! the priest declared the gods would be angry if the taboo was allowed to be treated so carelessly. Besides, he said, the soul of the sailor would be permitted to attend the soul of the Maori lady in the spirit world, and that should be considered as an honour. The sailor was then put

to death.¹ Such customs, mistaken as they were, were sincerely practised, and have often been misunderstood by British travellers and colonists, and anger and conflict have followed as a consequence. Hence the duty of trying to understand native ideas and customs.

Mr. Tregarthen, the historian of Australia, relates that—

On one occasion, when a white man had been killed by two blacks, a body of police, in the dead of night, stealthily surrounded the tribe to which the culprit belonged. A Korroboree (war-dance) was being held at the time; at a given signal the police fired a volley into the midst of the dancing crowd, and then rushed in to complete the work of destruction. A common method of freeing a sheep-run of the aborigines was also by wholesale poisoning. A barrel of flour, in which white arsenic had been mixed, was given with a smile to the unsuspecting victims, and before long half the tribe would be writhing and screaming in agony, which at last terminated in death. Could it be wondered at if the blacks took revenge when they could? ²

The price of Queensland cotton having dropped when the United States closed the Civil War in 1865 and began growing cotton again, the planters desired to get cheap labour for the fields, and employed Chinese without much success. Then they formed the plan of persuading the South Sea islanders (Kanakas) to work for one or two years on the plantations, giving them at the end of the time, cloth, knives, hatchets, beads, etc., to the value of about £5. Such bargains were often broken, and Kanakas were even kidnapped in their island villages. "The white

¹ Tregarthen's "Australian Commonwealth," p. 355.

² "Australian Commonwealth," ch. xxvi.

men would suddenly appear at the native villages and take as prisoners crowds of men and women; in revenge, the natives, whenever they got a chance, attacked the vessels visiting the islands, and murdered all they found on board."¹ Public opinion condemned this form of labour, and, after various attempts to put down the Kanaka traffic, the Commonwealth Parliament ordered that, after 31 December, 1906, no Kanaka should be allowed in Australia.²

Speaking in the House of Commons, June, 1912, Mr. Lewis Harcourt, Secretary for the Colonies, reported that the Government had stopped the natives from Nyasaland, East Africa, from being sent away to work in other colonies. It had been found that Nyasa folk who worked in the mines of the Transvaal died at a very high rate, and so, for their protection, such labour was forbidden.

¹ Tregarthen's "Australian Commonwealth," p. 347.

² "Encyclopædia Britannica," article "Queensland".

XIV. THE CALL OF THE EMPIRE.

To the daughters and sons of the United Kingdom, Over-sea Dominions, India and the Crown Colonies.

GREETINGS fair and joyous, greetings to you all, my children; to King-emperor and Queen-empress, to viceroys and governors, to ministers of State and Parliaments, to councils in provinces, towns and villages, to citizens all, greetings. My voice calls to each and to all—to women who make numberless homes of the commonwealth gracious and clean and bright; to men, who face the challenge of Nature in mine and quarry, in field and forest, in desert and on mountain, on river and ocean; to poets and singers, to artists and craftsmen, to captains of industry, and to the countless armies of honest workers; to bonny girls and sprightly boys. Let the cheeks of him that is idle or a coward blush for shame when he sees my children rally to my daily service. When the dawn illumines the plains and peaks of India, I call to the housewife, the ryot, the weaver, and the princes in many a splendid state. My voice keeps company with the sunrise at the Rock of Aden; the vineyards of Cyprus; the cotton-fields of Uganda; the Victoria Falls spanned by a mighty railway

bridge in Rhodesia ; the bluff of Gibraltar, the white cliffs of Dover, the stormy Falklands of the Southern Sea, the misty shores of Newfoundland, and all other far-spread dominions of my commonwealth ; and I summon to labour and duty the farmer and the hind, the fisherman and the transport-worker, the engineer and the teacher, the civil servant, the policeman, the magistrate. And in many a camp gleam the weapons of my soldiers, on many a sea the battleships of my navy ride. But my faith is in the brotherhood of nations, my hope is in the coming of peace. Close your ears, my children, to the shouting of the proud, and the boasts of the vain. Too heavy is the burden of our work in the world, and we have no welcome for the war-mongers who would tempt us to quarrel and defy. To Germany and to France, to the United States and to Japan, to Brazil and to Russia, we offer the salute of friends. Sons of the Empire, lift the Union Jack in token of your resolve that our commonwealth, in manly zeal, will ever march in the front rank of the servants of humanity. Daughters of the Empire, may the spirit of Grace Darling of England and the Lady Sita of India move your hearts in the tasks of the home, of mercy, of protection, and of nurture.

The Romans were a mighty people, and Rome, the City of the Seven Hills, had a giant's task in ordering so vast a realm, from the vineyards of Spain, the chalk hills and forests of Britain to the border of the Arabian sand, and the rose-gardens of Persia. But heavier

yet is the task of our vast British and Indian Commonwealth in securing to all citizens the blessings of order and progress, truth and justice, peace and happiness. Children, I appeal to you all to work together in this high purpose, whether you are Christians, adoring God the Father of the Lord Jesus Christ; or Jews, revering the Law of Moses; or Mohammedans, honouring Allah the Lord of all creatures; or Hindus, worshipping Brahma, Vishnu, and Siva; or Buddhists, seeking to walk in the Noble Path; or Parsees, praying to the God of Light; or by whatsoever name you call yourselves when you hope and work for the Right. My lands are scattered among the five oceans, and many are the millions under my flag, yet there is not a man, or woman, or child in all this multitude who has not a duty to perform.

Splendid have been the deeds of the artists and craftsmen of the past—the builders of Canterbury Cathedral, and Melrose Abbey, and the Taj Mahal of Agra; and wonderful the railways of Stephenson, the engines of Watt, the looms of Arkwright, the ships of the Belfast dockyards, the cables under sea, the spacious water reservoirs of India. You will do more for the commonwealth, artists and craftsmen of to-day. Let the hands of each girl, each boy, be hands that seek to make beauty and spread usefulness.

Splendid have been the labours of the men of science—Newton, the student of physics; Faraday, the student of electricity; Darwin, the student of

living things; and a hundred other thinkers. Those of you, my children, who have powers of deep thought, remember that the glory of the mind of man is to think great thoughts for the service of others.

Are there no dark places in my Empire? You know there are unclean habitations; villages and towns where dwellings and water are foul; and masses of people that suffer from the white scourge, and malaria, and the alcohol plague, and many another evil thing. What is your wit for but to invent plans to outwit every plague? What is your courage for but to fight against poverty and disease as Alfred fought the enemies of England, as Prince Rama fought against the hateful king of Ceylon? What is your high spirit for but to say your honest thought, to listen in fair play to the honest speech of others, to gain justice and mercy for the poor and oppressed, whether white or coloured, in all the borders of my realm, from the snows of the Arctic to the veld and tablelands of the Cape? This is a work that only manly men and womanly women can do:—

With flame of freedom in their souls,
And light of science in their eyes.

You can do these things. What were all the poets for—Chaucer, the father of English poetry; Shakespeare, in the days of great Elizabeth; Milton, who told of Paradise; Kalidasa, who enchanted Indian ears with the tale of the Magic Ring? They have given you sublime thoughts, so that you might be

nerved to do noble things in your village, your town, your province, your school, your industry, your public affairs, your commonwealth.

Children of England and of Magna Carta ; children of Scotland and Robert Bruce ; children of Wales and the bards ; children of the Emerald Isle and a brave peasantry ; children of Canada and the brotherhood, French and British ; children of South Africa and the union of English and Dutch ; children of Australia and of valiant emigrant fathers ; children of New Zealand and the league of the Maori and the White ; children of India and the sages and heroes and peasants of thousands of past years ; children of many a tropic isle and fruitful plain where the dark-skinned folk find peace under my flag—quit you like men, be strong. And in your strength, respect all other nations on earth. If they are strong, play the great game with them—the game in which each strives to be the most beautiful in its cities, the most clever in useful inventions, the most rich in health and cheerfulness, the most sturdy in bearing misfortune, the most enduring in duty, the most generous in giving.

Children, be of good courage !

THE END.